

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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To Carpers

INSTEAD of describing America as the Land of Opportunity, it has become the fashion among returning travellers to call it the Land of No Opportunity—at least for art, conversation, and harmonious living. They find no graces here, and little beauty, but instead a hard conventionality of practical action, a narrow range of interest, and no manners in the sense of a nice adjustment between man and his social environment. We know how to behave, they say, but not how to make behavior agreeable. Something is wrong, they say, with the United States, or with Americans.

Perhaps too many Americans go abroad with an inferiority complex and come back with the zeal of new converts to cosmopolitan culture. It is really about time to cease complaining of the North American continent. This region of the world has passed its four centuries of test as a home for the human race. If a man cannot become serene in a New England October, or vivacious in California, or rich or cultured or both in New York, there is little hope for him anywhere. Opportunity to be all things, even an artist or a philosopher, is superabundant. If anything is lacking it is will.

* * *

And will is no more lacking than in Europe. We have our quota of scientists, scholars, men of letters, educators, dramatists, painters, architects, our fair representation in every intellectual or æsthetic activity except music. If American society still seems crude and American culture thin, to the homecoming observer, it is not because cultivated minds are absent, but because it is hard to find them. They are submerged in a sea of the second rate.

What Europe and Europeanized Americans will not understand of the United States is that no one here will keep his place. We push upward like Iowa corn shoots, and the well-matured stalk is lost in the waves of new growth.

The croakers think that they are criticizing the American achievement. That is not true. It is the cultivation of the average educated American that gets on their nerves. In some countries only a few stand at the average of economic well-being and intellectual development. In the United States perhaps the majority are massed about it, a vast population that goes at least to high school, owns automobiles and graphophones, reads magazines and newspapers, and regards itself correctly as typically American.

* * *

If the gentry who talk so much of the intellectual poverty of the United States would stop carping at environment and belittling American achievements in the arts, they would be better able to criticize the culture of this bee swarm of the average. It is thin and harsh, not by comparison with a like average in Europe, where it would exceed on comparison, but in relation to the wealth, the energy, the intelligence behind it. Our swarm reads badly, talks dully when it leaves the concrete, and its experience of trading, selling, games, and gossip is monotonous and limited.

So might run a fair criticism. As the music we hum at picnics and reunions is to the music we pay foreigners to make for us, so is the average course of American life to the experiences made possible by civilization. This is true. Yet the critic will insist upon seeing life as a *status quo* instead of a movement. What he fails to note in the United States is the constant recruiting from less civilized groups that keeps the average of culture low, and

To An Ivy Vine

By H. PHELPS PUTNAM

OLD irony grows ivy-like and strong,
And hardly it clambers from my heart;
It has dark leaves and sturdy roots that start
There where my blood sings bitterly and long.

Unfailing, pungent vine, my brain would rot
If from my heart time ripped your roots away;
And yet I am not wholly yours today,
My heart has room where irony is not.

And there is dreaming innocent of death,
A girl whose hopes are undismayed and clear,
Who says that I am love and love is true—

O, bosom vine, this is my prayer to you:
Before your roots go groping for her breath,
Delay, delay, for she is young and dear.

Artemus Ward*

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE, known to the world as Artemus Ward, was born ninety years ago in Waterford, Maine. He died at an age when most of us are only beginning to mature—thirty-three. Little more can be told of him by way of formal biography. Mr. Don C. Seitz lately employed himself upon a labor of love by seeking out and publishing all that is known, probably, of the externalities of Ward's life. Mr. Seitz has made the most of what was put before him, and in so doing he has done good service to the history of American letters; yet one closes his fine volume with a keen sense of how little he had to do with, a sense of the slowness and insignificance of his material. All Ward's years were *Wanderjahre*; he had no schooling, he left a poor rural home at sixteen to work in neighboring printing-offices; he tramped West and South as a compositor and reporter; he wrote a little, lectured a little, gathered up odds and ends of his writings and dumped them in a woeful mess upon the desk of Carleton, the publisher, to be brought out in two or three slender volumes; he went to New York, then to London, saw as much of collective human life in those centers as he had energy to contemplate; he wrote a few pages for the old *Vanity Fair* and for *Punch*, gave a few lectures in Dodworth Hall on Broadway and Egyptian Hall on Piccadilly; and then he died. Little enough of the *pars magna fui* is to be found here for the encouragement of a biographer.

How, then, has Ward contrived to live so long? As a mere fun-maker, it is highly improbable that he could have done it. Ward is officially listed as the first of the great American humorists; Mr. Albert Payson Terhune even commemorates him as the man "who taught Americans to laugh." This is great praise; and one gladly acknowledges that the humorists perform an immense public service and deserve the most handsome public recognition of its value. In the case of Ward, it is all to Mr. Terhune's credit that he perceives this. Yet as one reads Ward's own writings, one is reminded that time's processes of sifting and shaking-down are inexorable, and one is led to wonder whether, after all, Artemus Ward can quite account for his own persistent longevity. In point of the power sheerly to provoke laughter, the power sheerly to amuse, distract and entertain, one doubts that Ward can be said to par or transcend his predecessors, Shillaber and Derby. In point of wit and homely wisdom, of the insight and shrewdness which give substance and momentum to fun-making, it would seem that Ward's contemporary, Henry W. Shaw, perfectly stands comparison with him. The disparity, at all events, is by no means so obvious as to enable one to say surely that the law of the survival of the fittest must take its course in Ward's favor. One is therefore led to suspect either that Ward's longevity is due to some quality which he possessed apart from his quality as humorist, some quality which has not yet, perhaps, been singled out and remarked with sufficient definiteness.

Clearly, it is not by the power of his humor that Ward has earned his way in the world of letters, but by the power of his criticism. Ward was a first-class critic of society; and he has lived for a century by precisely the same power that gave a more robust longevity to Cervantes and Rabelais. He is no Rabelais as Matthew Arnold excellently said of him, he is

*This article is to constitute the introduction to the Collected Works of Artemus Ward shortly to be issued by Albert and Charles Boni.

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the equally constant, though less numerous, stream flowing upward, away from the average into better reading, better listening, better thinking.

No one has devised a test to tell whether the line of our average is itself moving upward or downward. But it is not difficult for the individual to place himself or those around him. Are they reading better or worse—better news or cheaper, better books or weaker, better magazines or easier? This is a real criterion.

lais or Cervantes, doubtless; no one would pretend that he is; but he is eminently of their glorious company. Certainly Keats was no Shakespeare, but *with* Shakespeare; to his own degree he lives by grace of a classic quality which he shares with Shakespeare; and so also is Ward with Rabelais and Cervantes by grace of his power of criticism. Ward has become the property of an order of person—for order is the proper word, rather than class or group, since they are found quite unassociated in any formal way, living singly or nearly so, and more or less as aliens, in all classes of our society—an order which I have characterized by using the term *Intelligenz*. If I may substitute the German word *Intelligenz*, it will be seen at once that I have no idea of drawing any supercilious discrimination as between, say, the clever mind and the stupid, or the educated and the uneducated. *Intelligenz* is the power invariably, in Plato's phrase, to see things as they are, to survey them and one's own relations to them with objective disinterestedness, and to apply one's consciousness to them simply and directly, letting it take its own way over them uncharted by prepossession, unchanneled by prejudice, and above all uncontrolled by routine and formula. Those who have this power are everywhere; everywhere they are not so much resisting as quietly eluding and disregarding all social pressure which tends to mechanize their processes of observation and thought. Rabelais's first words are words of jovial address, under a ribald figure, to just this order of persons to which he knew he would forever belong, an order characterized by *Intelligenz*; and it is to just this order that Ward belongs.

The critical function which spirits like Ward perform upon this unorganized and alien order of humanity is twofold: it is not only clearing and illuminating, but it is also strengthening, reassuring, even healing and consoling. They have not only the ability but the *temper* which marks the true critics of the first order; for, as we all know, the failure which deforms and weakens so much of the able second-rate critic's work is a failure in temper. Take, for example, by way of a comparative study in social criticism, Rabelais's description of the behavior of Diogenes at the outbreak of the Corinthian War, and put beside it any piece of anti-militarist literature that you may choose; put beside it the very best that M. Rolland or Mr. Norman Angell or even Count Tolstoy himself can do. How different the effect upon the spirit! Or again, consider the pictures which Ward draws of the village of Baldwinsville under stress of the Civil War. No one item is missing of all that afflicted the person of *Intelligenz* in every community at some time in the last ten years. Ward puts his finger as firmly as Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. H. L. Mencken have put theirs upon all the meanness, low-mindedness, greed, viciousness, bloodthirstiness and homicidal mania that were rife among us—and upon their exciting causes as well—but the person of *Intelligenz* turns to him, and instead of being further depressed as Mr. Russell and Mr. Mencken depress him, instead of being further overpowered by a sense that the burdens put upon the spirit of man are greater than it can bear, he is lifted out of his temporary despondency and enervation by a sight of the long stretch of victorious humanity that so immeasurably transcends all these matters of the moment. Such is the calming and persuasive influence of the true critical temper, that one immediately perceives Ward to be regarding all the untowardness of Baldwinsville *sub specie aeternitatis*, and one gratefully submits to his guidance towards a like view of one's own circumstances.

The essential humanity of Abraham Lincoln may be largely determined in one's own mind, I think, by the fact that he made just this use of Artemus Ward. Mr. Seitz tells us how, in the darkest days of the Civil War, Lincoln read the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation at a special meeting of his Cabinet, and, to the immense scandal and disgust of his associates, prefaced it by reading several pages from Ward. The incident is worth attention for the furthest establishment of the distinction drawn among men by the quality of *Intelligenz*. Seward, Chase, Stanton, Blair, had ability, they had education; but they had not the free, disinterested play of consciousness upon their environment, they did not instinctively tend to see things as they are, they thought largely by routine and formula, they were pedantic, *unintelligent*—that is precisely the word that Goethe, the greatest of critics, would have applied to them at once. Upon them then, naturally, Lincoln's performance made the impression of mere impudent levity; and thus one is directly led to see

great force in Ward's sly suggestion that Lincoln should fill up his Cabinet with showmen! Alas! how often the civilized spirit is moved to wish that the direction of public affairs might be taken out of the hands of those who in their modesty are fond of calling themselves "practical" men, and given over to the artists, to those who at least have some theoretical conception of a satisfying technique of living, even though actually they may have gone no great way in the mastery of its practice.

Ward said of writers like himself that "they have always done the most toward helping virtue on its pilgrimage, and the truth has found more aid from them than from all the grave polemicists and solid writers that have ever spoken or written."

They have helped the truth along *without encumbering it with themselves!* I venture to italicize these remarkable words. How many good causes there are, to be sure, that seem hopelessly condemned and nullified by the personality of those who profess them! One can think of any number of reforms, both social and political, that one might willingly accept if only one need not accept their advocates too. Bigotry, arrogance, intolerance, self-assurance never ran higher over public affairs than in Ward's day, yet he succeeded in putting upon all public questions the precise estimate that one puts upon them now in the perspective of fifty years; its correspondence with the verdict of history is extraordinarily complete. It would be nothing remarkable if one should arrive now at a correct critical estimate of the Negro question, for example, or of the policy of abolition, or of the character and qualities of public men of the day, or of the stock phrases, the catchwords and claptrap that happened for the time being to be the stock-in-trade of demagoguery; but it is highly remarkable that a contemporary should have had a correct critical estimate of them, and that he should have given to it an expression so strong and so consistent, and yet so little *encumbered with himself* as to be wholly acceptable.

Really, there are very few of the characteristic and distinctive qualities of American life that Ward's critical power left untouched. I read somewhere lately—I think in one of Professor Stuart P. Sherman's deliverances, though I am not quite sure—that Americans are just now very much in the mood of self-examination, and that their serious reading of novelists like Mr. Sinclair Lewis or Mr. Sherwood Anderson, and of essayists like Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn or Mr. Mencken, is proof that they are in that mood. I have great doubts of all this; yet if it be true, I can but the more strongly urge them to re-examine the work of a first-rate critic, who fifty years ago drew a picture of our civilization that in all essential respects is still accurate. Ward represents the ideal of this civilization as falling in with one only of the several instincts that urge men onward in the quest of perfection, the instinct of expansion. The claim of expansion is abundantly satisfied by Ward's America; the civilization about him is cordial to the instinct of expansion, fosters it, and makes little of the obligation to scrupulousness or delicacy in its exercise. Ward takes due pride in relating himself properly to the predominance of this instinct; he says that by strict attention to business he has "amassed a handsome pittance," and that when he has enough to permit him to be pious in good style, like his wealthy neighbors, he intends to join the Baldwinsville church. There is an ideal of civilized life for you, a conception of the progressive humanization of man in society! For the claim of instincts other than the instinct of expansion, Ward's America does nothing. It does nothing for the claim of intellect and knowledge (aside from purely instrumental knowledge), nothing for the claim of beauty and poetry, the claim of morals and religion, the claim of social life and manners.

Our modern school of social critics might therefore conceivably get profit out of studying Ward's view of American life, to see how regularly he represents it, as they do, as manifesting an extremely low type of beauty, a factitious type of morals, a grotesque and repulsive type of religion, a profoundly imperfect type of social life and manners. Baldwinsville is overspread with all the hideousness, the appalling tedium and enervation that afflict the sensitive soul of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. The young showman's courtship of Betsy Jane Peasley exhausts its resources of romance and poetry; its *beau idéal* of domesticity is completely fulfilled in their subsequent life together—a life fruitful indeed in certain wholesome satisfactions, but by no means such as a "well-formed mind would be disposed to relish."

On the side of intellect and knowledge, Baldwinsville supports the editor of the *Bugle* as contentedly as New York supports Mr. Ochs and Mr. Munsey, and to quite as good purpose; it listens to the schoolmaster's views on public questions as uncritically as New York listens to Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler's, and to quite as good purpose. Baldwinsville's dominant type of morals is as straitly legalistic, formal and superficial as our own; its dominant type of religion is easily recognizable as the hard, dogged, unintelligent fanaticism with which Zenith confronted Mr. Sinclair Lewis. We easily recognize the "dissidence of Dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion," which now inspires the Anti-Saloon League, and which informs and animates the gentle ministrations of the Ku Klux Klan.

Thus Ward, in his own excellent phrase, powerfully helps along the truth about civilization in the United States; and all the more powerfully in that, unlike Mr. Lewis and Mr. Mencken, he does not so encumber it with himself, so overload it with the dragging weight of his own propensities, exasperations, repugnances, that his criticism, however accurate and interesting, is repellent and in the long run ineffectual. Often, indeed, his most searching criticism is made by indirection, by the turn of some phrase that at first strikes one as quite insignificant, or at least as quite irrelevant to any critical purpose; yet when this phrase once enters the mind it becomes pervasive, and one finds presently that it has colored all one's cast of thought—and this is an effect which only criticism of the very first order can produce.

Again, how effective is Ward's criticism of the mischievous and chlorotic sentimentalism to which Americans seem invariably to give their first allegiance! During the Civil War the popular regard for motherhood was exploited as viciously as during the last war, or probably in all wars, and Ward's occasional reflections upon this peculiarly contemptible routine-process of militarism are more effective than any indignant fulminations of outraged common sense; as when he suggests, for instance, that "the song writers air doin' the Mother business rather too much," or as when in another place he remarks that it seems about time somebody began to be a little sorry for the old man, he touches another fond topic of sentimentalism in his story.

In conclusion I cannot forbear remarking the spring, the abounding vitality and gusto, that pervades Ward's work, and pointing out that here too he is with Rabelais and Cervantes. The true critic is aware, with George Sand, that for life to be fruitful, life must be felt as a *joy*; that it is by the bond of *joy*, not of happiness or pleasure, not of duty or responsibility, that the called and chosen spirits are kept together in this world. There was little enough of joy going in the society that surrounded Ward; the sky over his head was of iron and brass; and there is even perhaps less joy current in American society now. But the true critic has his resources of joy within himself, and the motion of his joy is self-sprung. There may be ever so little hope of the human race, but that is the moralist's affair, not the critic's. The true critic takes no account of optimism or pessimism; they are both quite outside his purview; his affair is one only of joyful appraisal, assessment and representation.

Epitaphs are notably exuberant, but the simple line carved upon Ward's tombstone presents with a most felicitous precision and completeness, I think, the final word upon him. "His name will live as a sweet and unfading recollection." Yes, just that is his fate, and there is none other so desirable. *Manuscripti possidebunt terram*, said the Psalmist, the *amiable* shall possess the earth; and so, in the long run, they do. Insight and wisdom, shrewdness and penetration—for a critic these are great gifts, indispensable gifts, and the public has regard for their exercise, it gives gratitude for the benefits that they confer; but they are not enough of themselves to invest a critic's name with the quality of a sweet and unfading recollection. To do this they must communicate themselves through the medium of a temper, a prepossessing and persuasive amiability. Wordsworth showed himself a great critic when he said of his own poems that "they will cooperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better and happier"; and it is just because of their unvarying cooperation with the benign tendencies in human nature and society that Ward's writings have made him in the deepest sense a possession, a cherished and ennobling possession, of those who know him.

A Novel of Farm Life

R. F. D. NO. 3. By HOMER CROY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

SEDUCTION seems to be the leading industry of Junction City, Missouri, if you believe Homer Croy. Bee Chew was seduced last year, Josie Decker is this year's victim. Junction City girls, moreover, are both susceptible and uninformed; what Mr. Kipling used to call *The Almost Inevitable Consequences* are quite inevitable in Junction City. Herein Croy, by nature a realist, seems to yield to romanticism. Merely by the law of averages, one or the other of his heroines should have been allowed to escape the wages of sin. But seduction and pregnancy sold the movie rights of "West of the Water Tower" for \$25,000, and may possibly do the same for "R. F. D. No. 3." If the author has been influenced by such considerations it is a case for envy, not reproach. Is there a writer anywhere who, having discovered a formula which might make the picture rights worth \$25,000, wouldn't use that formula again and again? If so his name escapes me.

The seduction needs immediate mention because it is the most prominent feature of the book, though far from the most important. "R. F. D. No. 3" is the story of Josie Decker's persistent and ultimately unsuccessful effort to escape from the farm; and the virtue of the book lies not in the account of Josie Decker but in the faithful depiction of the farm life she was trying to get away from. Josie bears some resemblance to Guy Plummer in that she had talents, or at any rate aspirations, which seemed too spacious for Junction City or the vicinity thereof. But Guy Plummer, whether or not he had the qualities needed for success in a larger field, missed his chance because he was diverted by his passion for Bee Chew. Whether this is essentially a more tragic situation than that of Josie Decker, who failed to get away from the farm only because she had no particular talents and never met a man with both the inclination and the ability to take her away, is a matter of taste. The present reviewer's taste finds more of the stuff of tragedy in the case of Guy Plummer and far more effective handling of tragedy in "West of the Water Tower."

What made that novel successful was the genuine feeling which Croy put into the luckless love of Guy Plummer and Bee Chew, and which he managed to communicate to most readers. They may have been commonplace, their story one which happens a thousand times a day; but most of us, when we read about them, suffered with them. This reviewer, at least, felt no pangs with or for Josie Decker and her too optimistic silo salesman. With no desire to compare Croy's novel with that masterpiece of faithful dullness, "Arlie Gelston," it must be said that Josie and Arlie are heroines of the same type, and that urban life would not have suffered greatly if both had had to stay on the farm.

The merit of this novel lies in what may have been intended for a background but becomes eventually the essence of the story, despite the drama of passion and betrayal and loyal friendship that is played nearer the footlights—the minute, repeated and, in the long run, very effective depiction of the works and days of the farmer. The real hero of the book is the farming community struggling against Nature. These are modern farmers, prosperous farmers. Though apparently the bathroom and furnace have not become the commonplace fixtures of Missouri farms that they are in more easterly sections of the Middle West, the farmers have all the machinery they need, and travel by automobile to Chicago or Denver or the Minnesota lakes for their vacations. The young people, on their social evenings, discuss such questions as the nature of Klieg eyes and the real name of Alice Terry. Yet underlying it all is the grim necessity of constant and unrelenting work, hard work, which may always be rendered useless by bad weather or pestilences among the stock.

The microscopic eye and unfailing memory which brought Junction City to life in the earlier novel, despite serious technical defects, are in evidence once more. In the massing of minute detail Croy out-Lewises Lewis and with much better effect. So far as the mere mechanics of workmanlike writing are concerned, his books read like the draft before the last revision, but suspicion arises that they may be

craft rather than artlessness. He wastes no time in strategic maneuverings for the decisive epithet; he flings in all his details in masses, conducting a sort of war of attrition at considerable expense but with considerable success. For no reader capable of catching images at all from what he reads will finish this book without knowing the farming districts around Junction City inside and out. Nor is it merely static description; its cumulative effect is the thrusting on the reader of complete and painful understanding of the reasons why farmers leave home—also why some of them never can. It ought to be excellent propaganda for the McNary-Haugen bill, or any other measure that our legislators may devise to try to mitigate the immitigable fact that farming is hard work.

In another respect Croy's seeming artlessness becomes an art. His incidents are thrown down, almost haphazard, against the background of the farmer's routine; there is little effort to pick them out or heighten their effect by anticipation, by emphasis, by even the most elementary tricks of technique. The result is a pretty faithful reproduction of the seeming of life itself, in which the important incidents happen occasionally against a constant background of monotonous routine, which in itself be-



From "Voyaging" by Rockwell Kent (Putnams)

comes eventually the most important factor in life. It is next to impossible for a novelist to escape throwing a realistic story out of focus, for the reason that the things he elects to set down are dignified by being mentioned while the often more important days when nothing happened must be left out. Certain of the Russians, attempting to dodge the problem by setting down everything, have indeed reproduced life at the cost of boring the reader to death. Croy's method is a fairly effective compromise.

It is from this constant undercurrent that the best characters in the book arise. Josie herself is "true to life"—entirely too true to life. There are about a million girls like her in this country, and while they are no doubt precious in the sight of the Lord it is pretty hard to get a reader excited about them. Quite as accurate and considerably more interesting are her father and mother, Bushnell Higbee, the successful farmer, Mandy Gooch, the hired girl, and above all Grandpap, a character drawn with absolute fidelity and a fine sense of comic values.

One could wish, by the way, that Croy would apply his genuine gift for realistic presentation to the jail sentences of his characters. Guy Plummer's sixty days on the rock pile for burglary and grand larceny seemed pretty light; Floyd Krock's six years in the penitentiary for stealing an automobile seems pretty severe unless, as is not suggested, the automobile belonged to a friend of the judge.

Volume IV of the second series of Publications of the Bostonian Society is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of this society. It is entitled "The Lafayette Letters in the Bostonian Society," and gives the original French text and on the opposite pages a translation, with notes, by Horace H. Morse, head of the history department of Mount Herman School, and a member of the society.

An Audacious Author

THE GREEN HAT. By MICHAEL ARLEN. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1924.

Reviewed by CLARENCE BRAY HAMMOND

WHY does Michael Arlen load down his witty, shining stuff with a plot? Maybe he fears he would be called an imitator of Max Beerbohm, or something like that, if he just wrote ahead, saying his kind of thing without following the hard and unlikely path of narrative he usually takes. Or maybe he doesn't think it's hard. For Michael Arlen is the kind of person who gets away with murder. He tells you confidently things that wouldn't take in a goose. He dazzles you, stuns you, and then smooths you out with such naïve blandness as comes from only the most self-knowing sophistication. That is an audacious man—to use his own manner of speaking.

He will even, as in "The Green Hat," take chances with the serious. He does it with a theme. Of that theme, however, the less said the better. It is that a bad person may really be very good—especially if her hair and other things about her are beautiful. It is a venerable theme and a Christian one, and I would not speak disrespectfully of it. Its temptingness lies in the opportunity it gives the authors who use it to emulate those antediluvian neighbors of Noah, whose every imagination of the thoughts of their hearts was only evil continually. Thus while Michael Arlen is sincere about the tragic virtue of his principal lady, what he and everybody else is interested in is the misbehavior he imagines for her. I shall say nothing more about his theme, therefore, but excuse it as the evil necessary to get Michael Arlen going.

An audacious man. He likes to foresee your opinion of his story and frustrate it with a counter-suggestion. Knowing what you will think about his dash and brilliance, he arranges with one of his charming people to speak disapprovingly of M. Morand as a "stunt writer." Of course if one of Michael Arlen's charming people says Paul Morand is a stunt writer, then you will not think Michael Arlen is one. It is unfair for him to do that, too, for he is far more interesting than Paul Morand is, "stunt writer" or not.

He describes, in one of his digressions, in one of those sprightly, frequent digressions amidst which the reader would contentedly let the story lapse into dissolution—he describes a very successful author who "had observed that the whole purpose of a 'best-seller' is to justify a reasonable amount of adultery in the eyes of suburban matrons." And all the while he is filling you to the ears with sympathy for a bright and lovely sinner of his own, with beautiful hair, one like those gooddeesses "soft as the grass of Parnassus, marvellously acquiescent, possible," who indeed eschews cocktails for cold water, but offsets this abstemiousness most pitifully with an untold succession of adulteries, double, single and what-not, such as the author takes pains to admit is very shocking. That is an artful man, an audacious man.

When his story is quite too thin, he wonders how people could do such things. "What fools men were keeping letters!" But the letter was handy to Michael Arlen. Or, "one couldn't say such things in a novel—they wouldn't be believed." Besides that, he gives your incredulity as little chance as possible, by putting his story together like a puzzle to baffle you, confusing the last and the first, and fooling you with irrelevancies. And the result is a high degree of suspense over things that wouldn't take in a goose. That is an audacious man.

But it is not the story that counts; one reads Michael Arlen for the way he says things, even though the things he talks about lie within the snobbish limits of the smart world. He is "of his time—completely." (Those are his own words, but still I believe he is.) The ideas he has about various things which belong to his time are restrained ideas, not noisy convictions. So he says of a Liberal M. P. that to be a Liberal was against every one of his prejudices, but to be a Conservative was against all his convictions; he regarded "democracy as a drain-pipe through which the world must crawl for its health." Michael Arlen makes observations like that.

He is much occupied with the state of England. Indeed it is painful to an American to see how much real force, social, moral and all, the tradition of being English and loyal to England has even among

the flippancies of Michael Arlen's people—how much it has even in the aristocratic father who says that his son "hasn't what you could call a brain, which is just as well, for it will keep him from going over to Labor."

And the man who writes thus is not a scion of England, nor was he born there, but was born an Armenian, by name Dikran Kouyoumdjian. With Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski and with George Santayana, *inter minora sidera*, he is a hard nut for persons to crack who have notions that a racial heritage is necessary for one who would write the language. He knows with Matthew Arnold how conduct is three-fourths of life for an Englishman; he speaks as familiarly of St. Paul's contribution to the English theory of morals; he touches with Jane Austen's name a very eloquent paragraph descriptive of the illusive greatness and beauty of English tradition. And he fascinates every reader with his facility, his wit, his sapid English.

Of Michael Arlen's truthfulness about his charming people I can only say, since I do not know them, that he creates well the impression of tastefully heightened verisimilitude. There cannot be quite so many beautiful, clever, wealthy, high-born, fluent, uncensored persons all together at one time in one place—even in England. There must be something like them, though—just as there was something in 1695 like the persons in Restoration Drama. They are much in the service of the goddess Lubricity, and they are very amusing. And the great Mr. Congreve could hardly have been a more brilliant showman for them in his day than Michael Arlen is in his.

The Old Order

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EVERY posthumous novel increases one's sense of the general productivity of American fictionists: the dead, no less than the living, await the publicity of print. Thus with Mr. Page, whose brother and biographer has put the last touches to a work that was left almost ready. Mr. Page, for an end—if, indeed, it is an end—has reverted to an early and familiar field. Despite his official residence abroad, with its opportunities for observation, and his closeness to a war which has put our own Civil War into the shade, he returns to the South of the Sixties. His period is again the closing year of the Rebellion, together with the early throes of Reconstruction; and his field is South Carolina, which felt with peculiar force the "March to the Sea" and the reign of the "carpet-bagger."

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Reviewed by HAROLD BRUCE

University of California

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He has walked that way, paved with superlatives, patiently, honestly, warily. It craves wary walking. His achievement is to have studied open-mindedly, admitting difficulties, embracing all of Blake's writings, expecting no mystical sympathy but only mental alertness from his reader. He has given himself a remarkable background for the understanding of Blake. He has traced Blake's reading, familiarizing himself, for instance, with "Kabala," the "Bhagvat-Geeta," Porphyry, Hermes Trismegistus, Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Jakob Böhme, St. Teresa and Madam Guyon. He understands verse technically and tolerantly and is able moreover to speak wisely of painting, Blake's second method "of charting his way through the Inexpressible." He has thus highly qualified himself to interpret Blake. That his manner is at times pontifical, that he admits that he is right, does not particularly trouble me, because I suspect that he is right. There is a sense in his work of depth, of conclusions supported by layer upon layer of fact and analogy. The chapter, "The Chariot of Genius," with its vivid and well-grounded exposition of the technique of Blake's verse, and the chapter, "The Invention of Job," with its brilliant allusive commentary on Blake's illustrations, show, as do all the chapters, the range and the depth of his power. Everywhere he is tracking down Blake's philosophy and symbols, and when the end of the hunt is reached, the quarry is unquestionably brought to earth. For the first time Blake's works as a whole are demonstrated to have a rationale and a provenience. Blake's cloudy abstractions, however, though no longer cloudy after Mr. Damon's interpretation, are still abstract. Thus Los (the poetic spirit) weeps over Enitharmon (spiritual beauty) who has become a Shadow (suppressed spiritual desire) while Los is only a Spectre (poetic logic without intuition). These symbols, in these terms, may have a significance for, but they do not

thereby have an appeal to, the corporeal understanding. But all the symbols do work together to support Mr. Damon's thesis that Blake is "trying to reconcile all the great contradictions of the universe and 'justify the ways of God to men,'" that "his tenderest lyrics, his most turbulent vortices of design, his inexplicable nadirs of thought, all resolve eventually into one thing: Man in the arms of God."

In Mr. Damon's treatment, not of Blake's philosophy and symbols, but of his life, I lose the sense of sure and wary walking. "I must create a system," said Blake, "or be enslaved by another man's." Mr. Damon takes a system and enslaves Blake to it. He accepts Miss Evelyn Underhill's division of "The Mystic Way" into five stages: (1) the awakening to a sense of divine reality, (2) the purgation of the self, (3) an enhanced return of the sense of the divine order, (4) the "Dark Night of the Soul," and (5) the complete union with Truth; and holds that "Blake passed through these identical five states." He even holds that the details of Blake's life fit the subdivisions under the main divisions of Miss Underhill's system. Thus the fifth stage has three characteristics, a complete absorption in the interests of the Infinite; a consciousness of strength, giving an invulnerable serenity, and an expression of that strength in worldly activity. Blake reached this fifth stage, according to Mr. Damon's classification, in October, 1804, and its three characteristics describe his life from that date to his death in 1827.

Now it may be true that in his theories Blake never contradicts himself—what! never—but is it probable that the tough, irregular facts of his life click so patly into place in another man's or woman's system? Let us look for example at what Mr. Damon calls the dark night of Blake's soul, just preceding October, 1804, and at the years of invulnerable serenity succeeding. As a matter of fact, Blake, during that dark night, wrote to his friends of a new life beginning, of an ecstatic vision of light. But "all this," says Mr. Damon, "was illusory." As a matter of fact, Blake wrote on the tenth page of his manuscript book, "Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1807, between Two and Seven in the Evening—Despair." But this, according to Mr. Damon, merely shows "that even he could still be reached by circumstance." Such comments, I submit, are waving aside the evidence to save the system. On January 16, 1826, twenty-two years after Blake's "entrance into the Raptures of the Unitive Life," he wrote in William Upcott's autograph album: "William Blake. . . . Born 28th, Novr. 1757 in London and has died several times since." I believe that several of his deaths occurred between 1804 and 1826. Richard Cromek, for one, Mr. Damon has shown, crucified him in those years.

But to press home this or other arguments concerning Blake's life would not darken the fine clarity of Mr. Damon's explanation of Blake's philosophy. He has achieved his main object. Where many have muddled and rhapsodized, he has done a difficult, detailed job of interpretation, based on hard work and on logical thinking. His book will long stand for the symbolism of Blake's "Prophetic" poems, where John Sampson's edition stands for the text of the shorter poems, a turning point in Blake scholarship, the bringing of a whole sector of Blake's thought out of muddle and rhapsody into the clear light of intelligence.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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Freud and Literature

GROUP PSYCHOLOGY AND ANALYSIS OF THE EGO. By SIGMUND FREUD. Authorized translation by JAMES STRACHEY. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE. By SIGMUND FREUD. Authorized translation by S. J. M. HUBBACK. The same. 1924. \$1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CROWE RANSOM
Vanderbilt University

AS for psycho-analysis, it is quite becoming that the doctors should still disagree about it; but the poets—and under that title must be included all the “makers” who in their laboratories fashion and dissect the souls of men—find much less difficulty in accepting it as gospel truth.

The legends, the mythologies, the demonologies, and the fairy tales of all the races bear witness to the truth of Doctor Freud's startling yet not quite novel theses. To be the complete psycho-analyst implies not only that you are possessed of the historic sense, but that you are also possessed of the prehistoric or biological sense, which believes beyond other senses in the continuity of the life-forms.

For what are our aberrant behaviours but the ways of ghosts that haunt within us, grotesque antiquated, and forlorn, but still exuberating a little out of their eternal energies?

A man, in the Freudian concept, is not on the one hand one of those bifurcated radishes, with a locomotor arrangement, and a dome at the top which seethes with chemical reactions of considerable intricacy; nor on the other hand is he an adult angel constructed out of light, who knows what he does and does what he intends to do. The Freudian man is multiple rather than simple, many men bound up loosely in one man. He is in fact a pack of demons, going under the name of John Doe for his legal functions, all of them held under the rod in subjection to a mannerly sort of arch-demon, who persuades himself and the world that he is the real John Doe, the one and only.

The other demons are quiet now, as we contemplate Doe in his beautiful integrity, but they will emerge under pressure. And then John Doe will make motions scandalous and mystifying to his society—clearly diabolical, yet if understood possibly wistful or even splendid.

Marvellous is the presumption of that dogmatic modernist Doe—ignorant that he is a cave within whom the fabulous civil war may at any moment go to raging—who thinks that he will take unto himself a little wife, and buy a little home on terms, and devote his eight laborious hours to business, and accomplish a stout and dreamless happiness. Marvellous, though sometimes his egotism seems to be justified by the event; for nothing happens, and he dies, the same little man of the clock at seventy that he was at twenty, and is buried; and perchance if rumor be true he will be raised up in all his simplicity to live again. But that is the most uninteresting case; or rather, that is the outside of his case, but the inside we can only hypothecate.

Naïve literature is full of psycho-analysis; its demoniac possessions are half symbolic, and half literal truth; for there is no length to which the poetic imagination will not go. Now it was hardly through literature that Doctor Freud approached his discoveries; nor is it profitable to ask whether the fantastic seizures which he saw overtaking his contemporaries, co-heirs of an age of reason, and which he labored so nobly to alleviate, evoked from him the wry smile to which the irony of the situation entitled him from the literary point of view. But at any rate literature is bound to make an enormous accession of evidence for Freudianism when it is studied for that purpose. And for that matter, the Freudian psychology, if it keeps that name, will be far more than one man's work before it is completed. It will be like a mediæval Gothic cathedral, for whole generations of scholars will have helped to put it together; and we could delimit offhand a dozen or so separate fields of labor: such as ethnology, biology, comparative religions, primitivisms, language, the “lost knowledge” of symbols, the biography of genius, and poetry. And when the grand edifice is completed, the result will be a complexity and yet a unification of doctrine, perhaps as imposing a structure as the world has seen.

In what sense a unification? In Freudian doctrine the psyche, for all its demons, has much fewer parts than in the old psychology. The old school,

whenever it put its finger on a new behaviour, hypothesized a new instinct, a new “faculty.” When it encountered one that was unusually irregular, it always wanted to throw up its hands and say, “Madness.” But the way of our intellect demands a reduction of these parts, right down to the irreducible. On the Continent a group of thinkers, less tolerant of heterogenies than the thinkers in our longitude, had already made a great deal of play with sex as a centralizing concept, explaining as forms of that impulse the romances, the idealisms, the labors of genius, and the art-works of man; and this principle they held to without resorting to much actual demonstration. It was Freud's role to reduce to the sex-principle in more scientific fashion; but he is perfectly willing for you to substitute for sex another term, like love, or affectional tendencies, or centrifugal tendencies, if his term is too limited for you by connotations that are specific. Around this center he makes a multitude of otherwise scattering manifestations of behavior gravitate. It is a simplification of revolutionary proportions; though it will still be true that this basic force of Freud's attaches itself to a variety of objects and gives rise to very mixed personalities, which permit themselves to be conceived (at least by literary people) as demons inhabiting the psyche; some of them atavistic, and continuing an existence of a previous incarnation, and some of them dating back merely into infant or early adult life.

But sex, though much, is not all; and what Freud would now attempt, as he says in a late work, is no less than a *meta-psychology*, which would write on its broadest lines the fundamental economy of the psyche, with a minimum of improvised and penultimate or antepenultimate terms.

And if this simplification is fully accomplished, and accepted, the world will wonder how it put up so long with the psychological monstrosity, the fantastic, that our books said must pass for a man. Nothing in the whole realm of knowledge is changing so fast nor so radically as psychology, and the rate of the change is the rate at which we throw off an inherited accumulation of terms (but not a synthesis) which made of man, the total, a crazy apparatus. Copernicus overthrew the Ptolemaic astronomy by virtue of inventing a principle that accounted economically for the celestial motions without recourse to such vagaries as the eccentrics and epicycles with which the Ptolemaists had to patch their system together. Just such a revolution, it seems to a member of the laity, is in process with respect to the theory of man and his behavior; and Doctor Freud himself has admitted with charming candor that his psychology offers the best economy in sight.

Already a new literature has sprung up to welcome the new learning. Sherwood Anderson here, and Lawrence and Miss West and Miss Sinclair and the author of the brilliant (but too facile) “Lady into Fox” in England, to call a few names. Their exhibit is of something deeper and richer than we find in their old-style contemporaries, precisely as one of Doctor Freud's technical studies seems to be less desiccated and to hold a better converse with fundamental realities than the formulas of the eclectics. And yet in this literature generally, it must be admitted, there is an accent which is repulsive to the reading public; it deals too frankly with aberrations of sex, in the specific sense of the term.

In this sense sex is still taboo in literature; it is obscene just as in the Greek tragedy certain parts of the fable were obscene and must take place off the stage. The literary adaptors of psycho-analysis have very boldly and with a rather crude art translated the most sensational features of the science bodily into literature, where they are calculated to become accessible to the general public. This procedure need not be considered fatal to the new art. It is probable that the artists can, as they have usually been required to do, find artistic ways of handling a dangerous material, and that they can also try material no less rich in ultimate interest which is not so immediately spectacular. At any rate it is evident that the world is far from ready to allow these artists, on the plea of their new learning, to alter suddenly the whole technique of literature.

For if we are not mistaken, the fundamental character of literature is to become a public property as soon as it is uttered; and any instance is by so much the less a piece of literature as it has lost sight of this function. It must offer a value readily both to the many and to the few. It may be that we should be too exacting of literature if we re-

quired that it should never intimidate the people by its difficulty, but certainly we are in our rights in requiring that it must never affront them with an attack upon their morality. And so the fable, the obvious meaning of literature, lies on the surface to be easily appropriated by the people; but the initiated, according to their several degrees of advancement in the mysteries, can find further meanings suitable to their need, and these become more and more esoteric. Literature emulates the Apostle in attempting to be all things to all men, nor are men ever too humble to be the proper objects of its interest. And since the humblest must have their access as well as the greatest, literature becomes a study in indirection: its highest meaning, which is generally unsuitable for popular use, is discoverable but not manifest, and nowhere by its unconventionality does it flout what the orator terms “the moral sensibilities of decent men.”

Our literary giants hitherto, who have obeyed so well this last maxim, have not on the other hand been so conspicuously lacking in the depth of their psychology—that is, in their power to psycho-analyse—as the new school might wish to believe. This phenomenon is easily possible by reason of the fact that psycho-analysis is not at all points a new technique, but rather the systematic or scientific application of a technique that poets and artists have generally been aware of. Any good novelist, for example, tends to derive the behavior of his characters from the deepest sources that he knows, and shows a considerable power in factoring the multiples which are his characters. Henry James was interested in the study of race—and place—types in their most perfect bloom, or where they were furthest from their roots, and hardest to derive; but he goes conscientiously backwards into origins all the same; and differs eternally from the best-seller writer in this, that he had a perfect sense of the toughness of the strains that compose an individual life, and never works the fiat of the omnipotent author who by a stroke of his pen will make his characters conform to the fable which he has, with an eye to the fruits of his hire, after all predetermined. It was Conrad's habit also to deal in fundamental cores of character which never evaporated even in the unlikeliest milieu. And Galsworthy is extremely sensitive to the conditions of continuance and decay of inherited type-tendencies.

We do not impeach the truthfulness or the profundity of these writers when we say that with access to psycho-analysis proper they might have found truth and depth even readier to their hands and teeming with vaster multitudes of significant life-forms. This we say because we have been convinced in our own experience of how much light psycho-analysis can throw upon the baffling relations of life—and of how much more epic and fascinating it shows the daily business of being human to be.

And another kind of evidence will show us to what a poor pass an inadequate psychology, even in the hands of able writers, can bring a literature. The Main Street school of fiction constitutes this exhibit. Very banal, mean-spirited, and provincial is this pure Americanism which distinguishes the present literary period in America. Writers in this field, for all the smartness of their realism, and of course with more than a tithe of exceptional passages in which they are nobler than their program are as schoolmasters and schoolma'ams going forth to make a “survey” of some selected section of the American community; preferably a section of rustics; or village-dwellers. The aim of this survey is to ascertain the state of “culture” extant among the specimens; the method is to compile the details of spoken idiom, of interior decoration, of religious ceremonies, of public amusements, of etiquette, of the ritual of sewing societies and luncheon clubs—in all of which the surveyed fall far short of a certain standard. Of course the total effect is devastating. Now it is too true that we have never had in this country a noble literature of the soil, as England has had it; but would not even we miss something from our reading if we can imagine what would happen to the literature of the soil in England (or in Scandinavia or in Russia) if it were systematically re-written from the Main Street school's point of view? The two performances would differ *toto caelo*. As the case stands, it is unlikely that there has been mourning in Heaven over one sinner of Mr. Hardy's for smacking his lips over his Wessex mead or taking peasant's license with Queen Victoria's English. The dignity of a man does not depend upon his equipment in the negotiable goods of culture, nor could a profound psychologist be

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Thus Mr. Damon has gone the way of most students of Blake.

He has walked that way, paved with superlatives, patiently, honestly, warily. It craves wary walking. His achievement is to have studied open-mindedly, admitting difficulties, embracing all of Blake's writings, expecting no mystical sympathy but only mental alertness from his reader. He has given himself a remarkable background for the understanding of Blake. He has traced Blake's reading, familiarizing himself, for instance, with "Kabala," the "Bhagvat-Geeta," Porphyry, Hermes Trismegistus, Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Jakob Böhme, St. Teresa and Madam Guyon. He understands verse technically and tolerantly and is able moreover to speak wisely of painting, Blake's second method "of charting his way through the Inexpressible." He has thus highly qualified himself to interpret Blake. That his manner is at times pontifical, that he admits that he is right, does not particularly trouble me, because I suspect that he is right. There is a sense in his work of depth, of conclusions supported by layer upon layer of fact and analogy. The chapter, "The Chariot of Genius," with its vivid and well-grounded exposition of the technique of Blake's verse, and the chapter, "The Invention of Job," with its brilliant allusive commentary on Blake's illustrations, show, as do all the chapters, the range and the depth of his power. Everywhere he is tracking down Blake's philosophy and symbols, and when the end of the hunt is reached, the quarry is unquestionably brought to earth. For the first time Blake's works as a whole are demonstrated to have a rationale and a provenience. Blake's cloudy abstractions, however, though no longer cloudy after Mr. Damon's interpretation, are still abstract. Thus Los (the poetic spirit) weeps over Enitharmon (spiritual beauty) who has become a Shadow (suppressed spiritual desire) while Los is only a Spectre (poetic logic without intuition). These symbols, in these terms, may have a significance for; but they do not

thereby have an appeal to, the corporeal understanding. But all the symbols do work together to support Mr. Damon's thesis that Blake is "trying to reconcile all the great contradictions of the universe and 'justify the ways of God to men,'" that "his tenderest lyrics, his most turbulent vortices of design, his inexplicable nadirs of thought, all resolve eventually into one thing: Man in the arms of God."

In Mr. Damon's treatment, not of Blake's philosophy and symbols, but of his life, I lose the sense of sure and wary walking. "I must create a system," said Blake, "or be enslaved by another man's." Mr. Damon takes a system and enslaves Blake to it. He accepts Miss Evelyn Underhill's division of "The Mystic Way" into five stages: (1) the awakening to a sense of divine reality, (2) the purgation of the self, (3) an enhanced return of the sense of the divine order, (4) the "Dark Night of the Soul," and (5) the complete union with Truth; and holds that "Blake passed through these identical five states." He even holds that the details of Blake's life fit the subdivisions under the main divisions of Miss Underhill's system. Thus the fifth stage has three characteristics, a complete absorption in the interests of the Infinite; a consciousness of strength, giving an invulnerable serenity, and an expression of that strength in worldly activity. Blake reached this fifth stage, according to Mr. Damon's classification, in October, 1804, and its three characteristics describe his life from that date to his death in 1827.

Now it may be true that in his theories Blake never contradicts himself—what! never—but is it probable that the tough, irregular facts of his life click so patly into place in another man's or woman's system? Let us look for example at what Mr. Damon calls the dark night of Blake's soul, just preceding October, 1804, and at the years of invulnerable serenity succeeding. As a matter of fact, Blake, during that dark night, wrote to his friends of a new life beginning, of an ecstatic vision of light. But "all this," says Mr. Damon, "was illusory." As a matter of fact, Blake wrote on the tenth page of his manuscript book, "Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1807, between Two and Seven in the Evening—Despair." But this, according to Mr. Damon, merely shows "that even he could still be reached by circumstance." Such comments, I submit, are waving aside the evidence to save the system. On January 16, 1826, twenty-two years after Blake's "entrance into the Raptures of the Unitive Life," he wrote in William Upcott's autograph album: "William Blake. . . . Born 28th, Novr. 1757 in London and had died several times since." I believe that several of his deaths occurred between 1804 and 1826. Richard Cromek, for one, Mr. Damon has shown, crucified him in those years.

But to press home this or other arguments concerning Blake's life would not darken the fine clarity of Mr. Damon's explanation of Blake's philosophy. He has achieved his main object. Where many have muddled and rhapsodized, he has done a difficult, detailed job of interpretation, based on hard work and on logical thinking. His book will long stand for the symbolism of Blake's "Prophetic" poems, where John Sampson's edition stands for the text of the shorter poems, a turning point in Blake scholarship, the bringing of a whole sector of Blake's thought out of muddle and rhapsody into the clear light of intelligence.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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Freud and Literature

GROUP PSYCHOLOGY AND ANALYSIS OF THE EGO. By SIGMUND FREUD. Authorized translation by JAMES STRACHEY. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE. By SIGMUND FREUD. Authorized translation by S. J. M. HUBBACK. The same. 1924. \$1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CROWE RANSOM
Vanderbilt University

AS for psycho-analysis, it is quite becoming that the doctors should still disagree about it; but the poets—and under that title must be included all the “makers” who in their laboratories fashion and dissect the souls of men—find much less difficulty in accepting it as gospel truth.

The legends, the mythologies, the demonologies, and the fairy tales of all the races bear witness to the truth of Doctor Freud's startling yet not quite novel theses. To be the complete psycho-analyst implies not only that you are possessed of the historic sense, but that you are also possessed of the prehistoric or biological sense, which believes beyond other senses in the continuity of the life-forms.

For what are our aberrant behaviours but the ways of ghosts that haunt within us, grotesque antiquated, and forlorn, but still exuberating a little out of their eternal energies?

A man, in the Freudian concept, is not on the one hand one of those bifurcated radishes, with a locomotor arrangement, and a dome at the top which seethes with chemical reactions of considerable intricacy; nor on the other hand is he an adult angel constructed out of light, who knows what he does and does what he intends to do. The Freudian man is multiple rather than simple, many men bound up loosely in one man. He is in fact a pack of demons, going under the name of John Doe for his legal functions, all of them held under the rod in subjection to a mannerly sort of arch-demon, who persuades himself and the world that he is the real John Doe, the one and only.

The other demons are quiet now, as we contemplate Doe in his beautiful integrity, but they will emerge under pressure. And then John Doe will make motions scandalous and mystifying to his society—clearly diabolical, yet if understood possibly wistful or even splendid.

Marvellous is the presumption of that dogmatic modernist Doe—ignorant that he is a cave within whom the fabulous civil war may at any moment go to raging—who thinks that he will take unto himself a little wife, and buy a little home on terms, and devote his eight laborious hours to business, and accomplish a stout and dreamless happiness. Marvellous, though sometimes his egotism seems to be justified by the event; for nothing happens, and he dies, the same little man of the clock at seventy that he was at twenty, and is buried; and perchance if rumor be true he will be raised up in all his simplicity to live again. But that is the most uninteresting case; or rather, that is the outside of his case, but the inside we can only hypothecate.

Naïve literature is full of psycho-analysis; its demoniac possessions are half symbolic, and half literal truth; for there is no length to which the poetic imagination will not go. Now it was hardly through literature that Doctor Freud approached his discoveries; nor is it profitable to ask whether the fantastic seizures which he saw overtaking his contemporaries, co-heirs of an age of reason, and which he labored so nobly to alleviate, evoked from him the wry smile to which the irony of the situation entitled him from the literary point of view. But at any rate literature is bound to make an enormous accession of evidence for Freudianism when it is studied for that purpose. And for that matter, the Freudian psychology, if it keeps that name, will be far more than one man's work before it is completed. It will be like a mediæval Gothic cathedral, for whole generations of scholars will have helped to put it together; and we could delimit offhand a dozen or so separate fields of labor: such as ethnology, biology, comparative religions, primitivisms, language, the “lost knowledge” of symbols, the biography of genius, and poetry. And when the grand edifice is completed, the result will be a complexity and yet a unification of doctrine, perhaps as imposing a structure as the world has seen.

In what sense a unification? In Freudian doctrine the psyche, for all its demons, has much fewer parts than in the old psychology. The old school,

whenever it put its finger on a new behaviour, hypothesized a new instinct, a new “faculty.” When it encountered one that was unusually irregular, it always wanted to throw up its hands and say, “Madness.” But the way of our intellect demands a reduction of these parts, right down to the irreducible. On the Continent a group of thinkers, less tolerant of heterogeneities than the thinkers in our longitude, had already made a great deal of play with sex as a centralizing concept, explaining as forms of that impulse the romances, the idealisms, the labors of genius, and the art-works of man; and this principle they held to without resorting to much actual demonstration. It was Freud's role to reduce to the sex-principle in more scientific fashion; but he is perfectly willing for you to substitute for sex another term, like love, or affectional tendencies, or centrifugal tendencies, if his term is too limited for you by connotations that are specific. Around this center he makes a multitude of otherwise scattering manifestations of behavior gravitate. It is a simplification of revolutionary proportions; though it will still be true that this basic force of Freud's attaches itself to a variety of objects and gives rise to very mixed personalities, which permit themselves to be conceived (at least by literary people) as demons inhabiting the psyche; some of them atavistic, and continuing an existence of a previous incarnation, and some of them dating back merely into infant or early adult life.

But sex, though much, is not all; and what Freud would now attempt, as he says in a late work, is no less than a *meta-psychology*, which would write on its broadest lines the fundamental economy of the psyche, with a minimum of improvised and penultimate or antepenultimate terms.

And if this simplification is fully accomplished, and accepted, the world will wonder how it put up so long with the psychological monstrosity, the fantastic, that our books said must pass for a man. Nothing in the whole realm of knowledge is changing so fast nor so radically as psychology, and the rate of the change is the rate at which we throw off an inherited accumulation of terms (but not a synthesis) which made of man, the total, a crazy apparatus. Copernicus overthrew the Ptolemaic astronomy by virtue of inventing a principle that accounted economically for the celestial motions without recourse to such vagaries as the eccentrics and epicycles with which the Ptolemaists had to patch their system together. Just such a revolution, it seems to a member of the laity, is in process with respect to the theory of man and his behavior; and Doctor Freud himself has admitted with charming candor that his psychology offers the best economy in sight.

Already a new literature has sprung up to welcome the new learning. Sherwood Anderson here, and Lawrence and Miss West and Miss Sinclair and the author of the brilliant (but too facile) “Lady into Fox” in England, to call a few names. Their exhibit is of something deeper and richer than we find in their old-style contemporaries, precisely as one of Doctor Freud's technical studies seems to be less desiccated and to hold a better converse with fundamental realities than the formulas of the eclectics. And yet in this literature generally, it must be admitted, there is an accent which is repulsive to the reading public; it deals too frankly with aberrations of sex, in the specific sense of the term.

In this sense sex is still taboo in literature; it is obscene just as in the Greek tragedy certain parts of the fable were obscene and must take place off the stage. The literary adaptators of psycho-analysis have very boldly and with a rather crude art translated the most sensational features of the science bodily into literature, where they are calculated to become accessible to the general public. This procedure need not be considered fatal to the new art. It is probable that the artists can, as they have usually been required to do, find artistic ways of handling a dangerous material, and that they can also try material no less rich in ultimate interest which is not so immediately spectacular. At any rate it is evident that the world is far from ready to allow these artists, on the plea of their new learning, to alter suddenly the whole technique of literature.

For if we are not mistaken, the fundamental character of literature is to become a public property as soon as it is uttered; and any instance is by so much the less a piece of literature as it has lost sight of this function. It must offer a value readily both to the many and to the few. It may be that we should be too exacting of literature if we re-

quired that it should never intimidate the people by its difficulty, but certainly we are in our rights in requiring that it must never affront them with an attack upon their morality. And so the fable, the obvious meaning of literature, lies on the surface to be easily appropriated by the people; but the initiated, according to their several degrees of advancement in the mysteries, can find further meanings suitable to their need, and these become more and more esoteric. Literature emulates the Apostle in attempting to be all things to all men, nor are men ever too humble to be the proper objects of its interest. And since the humblest must have their access as well as the greatest, literature becomes a study in indirection: its highest meaning, which is generally unsuitable for popular use, is discoverable but not manifest, and nowhere by its unconventionality does it flout what the orator terms “the moral sensibilities of decent men.”

Our literary giants hitherto, who have obeyed so well this last maxim, have not on the other hand been so conspicuously lacking in the depth of their psychology—that is, in their power to psycho-analyse—as the new school might wish to believe. This phenomenon is easily possible by reason of the fact that psycho-analysis is not at all points a new technique, but rather the systematic or scientific application of a technique that poets and artists have generally been aware of. Any good novelist, for example, tends to derive the behavior of his characters from the deepest sources that he knows, and shows a considerable power in factoring the multiples which are his characters. Henry James was interested in the study of race—and place—types in their most perfect bloom, or where they were furthest from their roots, and hardest to derive; but he goes conscientiously backwards into origins all the same; and differs eternally from the best-seller writer in this, that he had a perfect sense of the toughness of the strains that compose an individual life, and never works the fiat of the omnipotent author who by a stroke of his pen will make his characters conform to the fable which he has, with an eye to the fruits of his hire, after all predetermined. It was Conrad's habit also to deal in fundamental cores of character which never evaporated even in the unlikely *milieu*. And Galsworthy is extremely sensitive to the conditions of continuance and decay of inherited type-tendencies.

We do not impeach the truthfulness or the profundity of these writers when we say that with access to psycho-analysis proper they might have found truth and depth even readier to their hands and teeming with vaster multitudes of significant life-forms. This we say because we have been convinced in our own experience of how much light psycho-analysis can throw upon the baffling relations of life—and of how much more epic and fascinating it shows the daily business of being human to be.

And another kind of evidence will show us to what a poor pass an inadequate psychology, even in the hands of able writers, can bring a literature. The Main Street school of fiction constitutes this exhibit. Very banal, mean-spirited, and provincial is this pure Americanism which distinguishes the present literary period in America. Writers in this field, for all the smartness of their realism, and of course with more than a tithe of exceptional passages in which they are nobler than their program are as schoolmasters and schoolma'ams going forth to make a “survey” of some selected section of the American community; preferably a section of rustics; or village-dwellers. The aim of this survey is to ascertain the state of “culture” extant among the specimens; the method is to compile the details of spoken idiom, of interior decoration, of religious ceremonies, of public amusements, of etiquette, of the ritual of sewing societies and luncheon clubs—in all of which the surveyed fall far short of a certain standard. Of course the total effect is devastating. Now it is too true that we have never had in this country a noble literature of the soil, as England has had it; but would not even we miss something from our reading if we can imagine what would happen to the literature of the soil in England (or in Scandinavia or in Russia) if it were systematically re-written from the Main Street school's point of view? The two performances would differ *toto caelo*. As the case stands, it is unlikely that there has been mourning in Heaven over one sinner of Mr. Hardy's for smacking his lips over his Wessex mead or taking peasant's license with Queen Victoria's English. The dignity of a man does not depend upon his equipment in the negotiable goods of culture, nor could a profound psychologist be

deluded into thinking that in such equipment lie the solid satisfactions of a man's life; that is the thinking of pedants and spinsters who do not themselves know life, and, failing that, are not even versed in a thorough-going psychology, like psycho-analysis. But when "Winesburg, Ohio" appeared, it almost seemed as if for the first time in our history American humble folk were depicted in the possession of their inalienable human rights, by virtue of exercising frankly those radical and immitigable passions which are the most that human beings can possess; they were not again being set down in that ignominy to which our literary pedants had usually consigned them.

Demonology is always poetic, and so have been the implications of Doctor Freud's studies in psycho-analysis. But nothing of his has ever so teased the poetic imagination as the vast and brilliant speculations in his last two small volumes.

Incidentally, he has hazarded these speculations with more than his habitual caution, and the modesty with which he propounds his opinions ought to be an example to the embittered anti-Freudians.

In "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" his thesis is briefly as follows. The instincts generally—though he is unable to say always—seem to have the character of repetition-compulsions. They repeat the reactions that served life in a previous incarnation when it was organically more simple. But one by one these repetitions have to be discarded as inadequate to the new complications of existence; actually, as is very well known, the embryo vainly goes through the successive forms of lower life, and is permitted to stop on none of them. The persistence of these useless repetitions indicates then the resentment which the individual feels towards the pain of his eternal process of adaptations. And therefore it may be said that the instincts express the individual's natural preference for quietude and death rather than life. His evolution into an intricate organism which in the collective mass with others makes what we call civilization, is an achievement not of his own wish, but due to the stimuli impinging incessantly and inescapably upon him. "In the last resort it must have been the evolution of our earth, and its relation to the sun, that has left its imprint on the development of organisms."

The philosophy shadowed by this remarkable hypothesis has obvious affiliations with Schopenhauer, though the latter's equipment was evidently in intuition rather than science. Schopenhauer's pessimistic consequence is very properly taboo in the moral or practical world, but should at any rate receive from the English-speaking races its due as philosophy.

Without committing themselves at the present time, literary scholars might at least do this service for Freud's latest thesis, since it would in any case constitute a disinterested service to truth in general: they might marshal some of the enormous mass of testimony to be found in English poetry, under its camouflage, for the Will to Die. It is quite likely that the English poets have celebrated one thing more than immortality, and that is mortality. With a veil over their obscenity they gloat on death, to whom even beauty and love are prey. Human life may be surveyed at this stage in that spirit which may turn out to be the last and most rational of all the modes of mind—the spirit of tragic irony. To be a tragic ironist is to be aware sharply and grimly, but not too painfully, of the constant involvement of life with death. In that spirit Homer sang, and the makers of the ballads, and Shakespeare the maker of sonnets and plays—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to 'dusty death.

Proud Humility

DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP. By IRVING BABBITT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. \$3 net.

Reviewed by MERRITT Y. HUGHES
University of California

IT IS unfortunate that Mr. Babbitt cannot find a public such as his book would meet in England and France, where there is an audience avid of independent thinking for the sheer joy of the clash of hostile ideas. A dozen such onslaughts upon modern trends in politics and literature as he has just written are put on the book market in Paris every year and absorbed by a public amused by their scholarship and dialectic, though not, perhaps, very

responsive to their gospel. Indeed, Mr. Babbitt admits his relation to the group headed by M. Seillière, the group from which the best of such cosmic criticism is now emanating in France, but he claims to add a hopeful, constructive principle of his own, while M. Seillière and his followers would very frankly like to restore the past.

Mr. Babbitt is not fighting in the last ditch of "the genteel tradition in American literature." The trouble with his work is that it is not really in the American tradition at all. At bottom, the hostility which he provokes may be mainly an expression of our innate dislike for ideas not indigenous to our soil. In his first five chapters he goes over the ground covered in earlier volumes: "The Masters of French Criticism" and "Rousseau and Romanticism." He conducts his readers through the museum of modern European literature (with not a single glance into any except the political department of its American annex) and at the end of Chapter Five many even of the better-read among them are as breathless as they would be after a Cook's tour covering the whole of Western Europe by aeroplane in one day. Mr. Babbitt's first chapter is a *résumé* of his earlier books and a very temperate and convincing answer to their critics, but to the general reader it is blind and baffling, and its egotism will amaze him. His confusion will hardly diminish when he discovers that the book is an impassioned plea for humility to redeem his own soul and that of the world in which he lives.

Mr. Santayana once said that the great difference between Europe and America consists in the fact that in this country the activity of the mind and the spirit is felt as something absolutely unrelated to the rough business and passions of life. So far is Mr. Babbitt from appreciating this fact that he thinks it possible to interest his countrymen in the practical consequences for them of the literature that began to be written on the other side of the world two centuries ago. To most of them his book will seem almost as irrelevant as a commentary on the Bible does to ordinary Chinamen. Mr. Babbitt's new book comes among us as "Candide" came among the French. It is looking for employment and has a perfect right to it, but no one in his senses can imagine that it will find what it is looking for.

Yet, in its treatment of American political literature and of American history in the concluding chapters, "Democracy and Leadership" should attract every reader civilized enough to take pleasure in the radical reinterpretation of familiar ideas. You will look far for a more original and satisfying simplification of the causes of the Civil War than Mr. Babbitt offers as an illustration of his central doctrine that true freedom is distinguished from false by its stress upon men's obligation to be just rather than by its insistence upon their natural rights.

Mr. Babbitt's strictures upon our imperialism in the Spanish War and in the Far East since that war are not exactly novelties, but his explanation of our conduct cuts deeper into national psychology than any explanation ever before offered. With his anti-imperialism he combines an equally radical objection to pacifism, because both movements seem to him destructive of justice between nations. International questions, he makes it appear, might be settled off-hand finally, if every nation would adopt the motto of "Candide": *Il faut cultiver notre jardin*.

"Democracy and Leadership" aspires to be a prolegomena to humanism, a manual of practical virtue. It begins quite simply by agreeing with Bossuet when he speaks of "the prodigious aliguity of the human heart always inclined to evil," and by inquiring whether there is any worse vice of the human soul than spiritual idleness. All our woes; wars, crime and the meanness of the deadly average portrayed in "Main Street" and "Spoon River," go back to what is identified as the "imperialism" of the individual whose life knows none of the restraint and stimulus of either a religious faith or of a traditional convention such as gave their character to the China of the Confucian ascendancy or to the France of the Old Régime. But for honest thinkers Mr. Babbitt insists that the traditional disciplines have lost their value for creative conduct and thought. Instead of them we must depend upon recognition that the first enemies to face are the triple lusts for power, pleasure and knowledge (or unlimited experience). To conquer them we must restore the will to a primacy such as it had in classical Buddhism and which it has never had since Socrates launched the heresy that virtue is nothing but science or straight thinking—that virtue is nothing but science or straight thinking.

Burmese History

BURMA, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Sir J. G. SCOTT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$6 net.

Reviewed by Sir RICHARD C. TEMPLE
Hon. Vice-President, Royal Asiatic Society

THE well-known writer of that delightful book, "The Burman: His Life and Nations," has after many years produced a history of Burma. His knowledge of the country and its people is beyond dispute, and his deep sympathy with the latter is apparent in all the many things he has said about them. He long ago abundantly showed that his literary skill is great and his style entertaining. One is not surprised therefore to find in this history a readable account of a people little known to the world in general. It is decidedly a lightly written book, and it tells a story unavoidably confused, and much of it sombre, in a bright, taking way that should prove attractive to an inexpert public desirous of learning something of a people made up of personalities pleasant to deal with and charming to know. Sir George writes in his preface that he "is prepared to be told that parts of the narrative are flippant." If so, he says, "it is not un-Burmese." In this judgment he is right in the present writer's opinion: parts of the story are flippantly told and the style then is essentially Burmese.

The book is in fact a good one to interest the general reader and give him a fair bird's-eye view of Burmese history, but it is far from being an authoritative book. During the present century there has been a consistent effort on the part of the Burma Research Society and such scholars as Monsieur Duroiselle, Otto Blagden, Geoffrey Harvey, Luce and other Europeans in Burma itself, besides many scholars who are natives of the country, to unearth the real history of the Burmese. These efforts have been largely beyond the ken of the older inquirers, of whom Sir George Scott is one. The Burmese have long had an historical sense, though it is not the European sense yet, and there is consequently an enormous quantity of works in their languages containing historical matter, and an immense number of inscriptions to be deciphered and tabulated. Steadily, quarter by quarter, the efforts of those engaged in the important labor of bringing historical facts to light is being published. Even now enough information has been secured to warrant a fairly authoritative history being produced, and yearly the quantity of exact information made available for the historian is being added to.

Burma is a country of many peoples of the Far Eastern description. It is in the British Indian Empire, but it is not at all Indian, except in the matter of its Buddhist religion and in the customs and ideas induced by that condition. The peoples that inhabit it speak many tongues and have many origins. There are the Burman himself, the ascendant for about the last two centuries, then the Mon or Talaing and the Shan, both of whom have shared with him the rule of the whole country in the past. Besides there are the Magh or Arakan, the Chin, the Kachin, the Karen, the Palaung, the Wa and many others: all of different degrees of civilization, language and custom. Over this agglomerate of isolated tribes and over each other, the Burman, the Talaing and the Shan have alternately ruled. Add to this fact that, excepting along the great rivers—and even then not without difficulty—the general mountainous, tropical and sub-tropical nature of the country has made communication slow and very difficult, and then it will be realized that the history is necessarily confused: often nothing but the chronicles of petty chieftains eternally getting the better of each other in a small way. Occasionally, however, there have been cases in the desert of intrigue and struggle, when some great man has risen and taken the whole country or most of it under his sway.

Every historian who tries to tell the story of the Burmese has this difficulty to face. He is so blinded by the trees that he finds it almost impossible to see the wood and present it to his readers in a manner that will not discourage them—worried as they must be with long strings of unfamiliar names, hard to grasp and remember. The Burmese have, however, helped in so far as they are story-tellers to the manner born. The dramatic points of history have always fascinated them, and they can tell a story with a force and a pathos that is very striking. In the hands of scholars with a good literary capacity in

English, like Luce or Scott, the result is that Burmese history can be told in a manner that is truly fascinating.

Roughly speaking, Burmese tradition carries the story back to 1000 B. C., but dated history does not begin till 638 A. D., and then is largely legendary till the days of Anawrata of Pagán (1010 A. D.), who founded an empire for the Burmese which lasted till 1298.

Bolitho Looks on His World

LEVIATHAN. By WILLIAM BOLITHO. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2.00.

Reviewed by WALTER LIPPMANN

BOLITHO'S name is William P. Ryall, but to escape some sort of publishers' red tape he took to writing under his mother's name, and he is now so famous as Bolitho that he cannot recover the Ryall. He is a South African, half Boer and half English, is married to a French woman and lives in Paris. No wonder that in describing the change of the guard at Buckingham Palace, this British subject writes of how "their picked men figure an amazing, slow war dance of watch and watch over their empire, their island, and their civilization."

Bolitho is, in fact, more nearly the ideal writer from Mars than any one who has appeared in journalism to look upon the world the war left behind it. In his tastes, he is a highly civilized European, yet he stands apart from the tribal commitments of Europe. He is a carrier of that western culture which has defied boundaries and faction and division from Augustus Caesar to Anatole France. He looks upon the mobs and the millionaires, the play and the ritual and the passion of Europe today as the Back Bay looked upon the visit of the Prince of Wales, and with the same feeling for the ambitions of the modern world which Galsworthy is said to have displayed when he rejected a knighthood with the remark that no German king could confer a title on a Galsworthy of Devon. Bolitho belongs to the company of those who love and know the genuine life of Europe, and not merely to the company of those who hate the vulgarity of the modern phase.

It makes a great difference in a critic of social life whether he writes out of hatred of George F. Babbitt or as a lover of civilized living. For one thing he knows what he is talking about and he knows what he is rebelling against. For another he achieves contrast, irony, indignation, pity and derision by the substance and not merely by tricks of style. Bolitho is a highly flavored stylist, but the flavor is not verbal. The flavor is in the richness of the associations with which things seen acutely are affiliated with things remembered.

He sees with an unprejudiced eye, therefore, apparently with an oblique eye, as if the object had never been observed before, and yet with the wrinkled sophistication of the old *habitué* who has been through it all many times before. The essays have an unearthly atmosphere because the subjects are seen with the mind. And although his scenes and his figures are sheerly reported, far more accurately reported than any ordinary eye could take them in, yet they are formed, arranged and selected in detail, for their significance, not for reproduction. You could never submit one of these essays as evidence in a court of law, because Bolitho as witness has contributed too much to the account. But if you wished an understanding friend to understand about modern Europe what no amount of prosaic reporting will convey, you would give him Bolitho to read.

Nobody, I think, who writes today for the press has so much sensibility, such a mobile memory, and such a range of interest and expression. At present in his public writing there is no evidence that Bolitho has turned inward upon himself, either to organize an eclectic interest into a philosophy of life or to satisfy a clique. The thing out there still excites him, as sometimes, it seems, it has ceased to excite so many promising young men who have given up trying to make head or tail of it. Bolitho is not yet a philosophic artist, but that is the way he is headed. He is not headed towards that despair or illumination which consists in surrender to the patter of insiders and the passionate chewing of the same cud by a circle of young men intently watching each other. The companions of his spirit are first rate and first hand. You look in vain and with delighted disappointment in their highly sophisticated essays for anything which is not understandable if you should miss the next week-end party.

The BOWLING GREEN

Petites Annonces

I WROTE of expresses: but the "omnibus" train—or as we would say, accommodation—is much more fun. It is an easy-going caravan; most of the way you are quite likely to have your second-class compartment to yourself; and when lunch time comes you hop out and buy sandwiches, brioches, pears, and a bottle of white wine (with the cork already loosened for you) at a station buffet. I don't quite know how to work Literature into these dispatches: Doctor Canby writes me that I might say something about what people are reading in France: but Literature, at any rate as boiled down and scummed off into little paper bricks, is not much occupying my mind at the moment. If Dr. Canby knew that the Contributing Editor spends his train journeys reading that scurrile journal, *Madame Sans Gêne* (whose short stories are obscene, but as clever as O. Henry for sheer ingenuity), he would certainly dismiss me. But to look at life solely through the refractions of Literature would be as rash as to assess French civilization by the *Petites Annonces* in *Le Sourire*.

Then, when you lay aside your newspapers, and your invaluable *Livret-Chaix* (most thrilling of books, a little anthology of time-tables), you gape out across the wide fields. The russet light of early autumn is on the slopes of stubble, apples are red and heavy in the trees. The tan and white cows of Normandy, you notice, spend most of their time lying down: exhausted, perhaps, by the continual demand upon them for the "Veritable Camembert de Normandie." But the cream-colored cattle of Burgundy—you can't help remembering Europa and her bull—are on their feet much more. There is the same difference of temper among cathedrals. Chartres is a shrine on tiptoe, leaning and climbing aloft; Bourges is a cathedral sedentary, couched everlastingly upon her restful soil.

In the little train from Dreux to Maintenon, the pane was gone from the tiny window between our compartment and the next. A small boy in the other cell discovered this, and was happy thrusting an umbrella through the aperture. Then I surprised him by blowing a puff of tobacco smoke into his compartment. We looked at each other through the hole, and I saw that his sailor cap had a ribbon lettered WILSON. I complimented him on this, told him "Ça porte bonheur," and gave him four sous. When he and his mother got off at Ecluzelles, a heavenly hamlet in that Eure valley that is striped so gold and green, he was still talking about it. The *chef de gare* always looks like an admiral in his gold braid. Such a slamming of doors, blowing of whistles, squawking of the absurd departure-signal, all the medley of noise, bustle, and miniature importance that the French relish . . . and off we go, *on time*. The fidelity with which even the smallest branch-line trains stick to their schedule puts the Long Island Railroad to shame. They establish a time-table that they know they can keep—and keep it.

One who loves Long Island, by the way, is very much at home in all that central plain. From Chartres to Chateaudun and Blois, across rich sweeps of earth, I could easily imagine myself humming in Dame Quickly from, say, Roslyn to Babylon or Bayshore. Though the plains of Eure et Loir are lonelier. The spacious emptiness of French landscape is a constant amazement: every inch in that region is under cultivation, yet one sees few hands at work. A curious echo of home is a line of telegraph that goes humming across the country south of Chateaudun. As soon as you see it you recognize something familiar about the shape of the cross-bars and insulators. Yes, the driver says, it was built by the Americans during the war. It goes to Brest, I suppose, and perhaps the name worn by the urchin of Ecluzelles flashed more than once along those copper threads. Beside the road you pass an occasional patch of our Indian corn—not spaced in hills, but all thickly jumbled together, for fodder, I suppose. Yet at the hotel in Chateaudun—which one is quaintly asounded to find owned and run by an

American—you can actually order ears of corn for dinner; and though I am no partisan of American dishes when abroad, I must honestly announce it as thrillingly good. Under the very window where I write, corn is put to still another purpose: it grows in the flower garden, among the gay colors of dahlia and zinnia, as a decorative herb, ornamenting an old chateau. Just so did Ben Franklin, good solid citizen, find himself an aristocrat when he went abroad.

If you are at Chateaudun, you will rise early and go out along the road toward Courtalain; and by the 1-kilometer stone you will see a field crossed by a low stone wall. You cannot mistake this wall, for it sparkles with bits of broken glass in all lively colors: green, blue, lilac, yellow and brown. Over this wall, beyond a vineyard and a valley, you can get your first profile of an absolutely unspoiled chateau—not a redecorated trap for tourists like Blois, for instance, but the genuine majesty and cruelty of the Middle Age. Happily the castles of the Loire (how can I persuade the printer, at such distance, to spell this Loire differently from the earlier one? He will certainly conclude the calamus has lapsed) have been made such an industry that most travellers are wearied out before they reach Chateaudun; and you can enjoy it in lonely peace. The wise are content to say little of their richest trove: I have already said too much. I will only add, to assure Doctor Canby that I am aware of current literature, that in Chateaudun there is a *coiffeur* called Proust.

A necessary ingredient of any full experience is terror; I came close to it when M. Battais, one of the caretakers of Chartres cathedral (to whom I had gone provided with secret passwords), instructed me to help him ring the noonday bells. In the roaring cave of that lacy spire, see-sawing on the crossbeam of a bronze monster that seemed as maniac as Victor Hugo's cannon, we sprang and clung. Through the long windows the sunny roofs of Chartres, far below, spun a fantastic rigolo. You grasp an iron bar on the fixed rafter above the great bell. With one foot on the airy scaffold, you put the other on the rocking crossbeam, and begin with gently measured shoves. Then, stronger and stronger you bear down, sinking lower each dip as the bronze begins to roll. With a jarring thunder the metal takes voice and comes alive. Farther and farther down you swing, on one foot, until the other leg loses its purchase on the platform. Now, with a wild capering you reel up and down, watching M. Battais in his shirtsleeves and skull cap as he grimly oscillates on the other side. The bell is already making nearly a 180-degree swing: the shaking explosions of sound are bewildering: you begin to wonder if it is his intention to make it go all the way round? For you didn't catch any too clearly just what he had told you, in French, to do next—except to hold on tight. You meditate sadly, as you bound on and off the flying beam, that the spire is centuries old, and that this appalling vibration is enough to burst the silver-gray stones asunder. Today, today, evidently, is the final moment when disintegration is due. How startled Titania will be, calmly sitting at the Grand Monarche inn, to hear the crash: and you yourself to be assimilated from fragments of stained glass and lichen. The adorable ironies of life! You came to Chartres, a simple pilgrim, in quest of its solemn peace: and here you ride a Mustang bronze, a hundred yards in air, that shouts toward God in a hullabaloo the Seventh Avenue subway never dreamed. Then it is over: you stand wiping your brow among the pinnacles, while M. Battais dislodges a tiny seed pod of yellow gilliflower, growing between the toes of a stone chimera, for you to plant in your garden at home.

I'm sorry I didn't see M. Battais's dog, with whom and a big revolver, he sleeps at night in his tiny bedroom hidden among the carved screenery around the choir. There must be good sleeping in that little cavern, and when there is a moon—or better still, he assured me, a thunderstorm, with flashes of lightning—one can imagine his instants of glamour. There was a creature at the southwest corner of the cathedral, outside, sitting up on his haunches, who looked like a dog, though he had lost his head. Titania believed him to be our old friend Mr. Gissing. If it were so, he might well have lost his head; for I think he would have found the blue he wanted in the west windows at Chartres . . . the color that embraces everything from a *Petite Annonce* to the Annunciation.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

An Expert on Mah Jong

STANDARDIZED MAH JONG. By LEE FOSTER HARTMAN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by ERNEST K. MOY

ANY person acquainted with the fundamentals of Mah Jong can experience a world of fascination in watching the actual playing of the game by four experts. He marvels at the rapidity with which every move is taken. The speed is seemingly too vertiginous for any intelligent and calculated planning and playing of the hand. Yet the observer will notice that there is reasoning behind each move. Every action taken by a player shows an alertness to its significance. It is either a defensive or an offensive move designed to benefit the one making it or to prevent gaining by any of the other players. How is it possible to go through the evidently numerous processes of reasoning in such scant time? In that question lies the attraction of Mah Jong.

One is truly fascinated by the game only when he can play it intelligently and rapidly. It calls forth the alertness and resourcefulness of a player who must take a number of points into consideration and then make an intelligent move—all in the flicker of a moment. If one does not develop this proficiency, interest in the game soon slackens. But to acquire this proficiency it is first necessary to develop what might be called the Mah Jong sense, the sense which enables a player to know in a sort of subconscious way what to do the moment he is required in the game to make the next move. A number of considerations are weighed before he decides to draw, to pung, to show or to discard. To hesitate is often fatal, and one will hesitate unless highly endowed with Mah Jong sense.

There are a number of books on the market purporting to show how Mah Jong is played. Some of them are clear expositions, but in a general way they do no more than explain the barest fundamentals of the game. One can play Mah Jong after reading them, but if no other guidance is available it will be a long time and after much study and experience before an understanding is had of such things as comparative values of tiles, values of tiles in combination, tile tactics, etc., so engagingly and explicitly discussed in the volume under review.

The publication of Mr. Hartman's book marks the American advance into scientific Mah Jong. Since the introduction of the game into America no previous effort has been successfully made, within our knowledge, to demonstrate, through the printed word, the science, the intricacy and the fascination of the mixed-hand or Chinese way of playing this Chinese game.

Our own experience leads us to appreciate the lamentation of such experts as Hartman, Foster and others, who assert that most American players dislike the classic or mixed-hand game because it is so easy. It will take but a reading of Hartman's "Standardized Mah Jong" to show that there isn't a more difficult way to play this game than the way the Chinese play it. This is so not only because less mental effort is required to play the American one-double or cleared-hand variations, but because the mixed-hand game is positively exhausting to the mind after an hour or so of play.

Hartman's book describes the three accepted forms of Mah Jong as they are now followed. A supplement consisting of the American Code of Laws, drafted by the Standardization Committee of the *Auction Bridge and Mah Jong Magazine*, is also included. Space forbids comment on the sections of the book having no direct bearing on the essence of Mah Jong. It is necessary to say, however, that, without qualification, the most valuable part of the book is that which deals with the mixed-

hand game. After studying and digesting the chapters composing it, one has acquired a basis for the sound development of that sense without which Mah Jong indeed is a simple and easy game.

A Critical Study

LEONID ANDREYEV. By ALEXANDER KAUN. New York: B. Huebsch. 1924.

Reviewed by PRINCESS RADZIWIŁŁ

THIS is a book which will prove invaluable to all students of modern Russian literature, apart from the fact that it is extremely well written, and what is more surprising, in view of the many errors committed by most of the writers dealing with Russian authors and Russian people, it is excessively true in some of its appreciations and especially in its criticisms, not only of Andreieff himself but of the whole school of which he was one of the most brilliant representatives. The entire introduction ought to be read with attention, perhaps even with more attention than the book itself, on account of its appreciation of the different conditions under which Russian writers saw their talent developed, and of the difficulties under which they labored. The remarks about the disastrous influence exercised by Nietzsche over Russian intellectuals are extremely to the point and, so far as we know, have never yet been brought to the notice of the public with such overwhelming force. This is the strongest point of this critical study, and to be quite frank we prefer these first pages of it to the description of the complex personality of Andreieff himself, which we do not think has been altogether understood by Mr. Kaun because, and this is a point which ought to be noted, his writings and himself were two absolutely different things. Very often he did not believe in what he wrote, but had in view the effect to be produced on his readers. His regard for the public taste did not, however, give him the popularity for which he was seeking. Mr. Kaun is quite right when he says that although he was a compelling author, he yet was not popular with the masses, for which he always had a profound contempt.

Andreieff's talent was a very different thing from that of the great writers who preceded him; it was in a certain sense born of the abortive Russian Revolution of 1905 which was followed by such terrible reprisals on the part of the Russian Government, and of the indignation these reprisals exercised over the minds of all talented and intelligent Russians. It is to be doubted whether even he would have written a book as powerful as "The Seven That Were Hanged" without this stimulant. On the other hand, Andreieff, under the influence of this patriotic wave which swept all Russia at the outbreak of the great war, became more reconciled to the Czarist Government than his other contemporaries, and later on, after the fall of the Romanoffs, he gave himself up entirely to the enthusiasm which greeted this emancipation of Russia from their yoke, so that the disillusion which followed no doubt hastened his end. His was a nature of extremes in everything, and one can catch the trend of his thoughts in his famous words in one of his last articles called "Ruin and Destruction," when he asks his readers and the world this terrible question: "Perhaps there really ought not to be any Russia." Sad words if there were ever any, and words in which he did not himself believe because, even during the last awful months of his existence, Leonid Andreieff remained a Russian who loved his native land. Personally we remember more than one remark of his proving his intense patriotism and affection for the soil of which he was a son. And we regret that Mr. Kaun in his very able book forgot, in his study of Andreieff the writer, Andreieff the man, and did not differentiate between them as those who knew him well have always done.

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Radiguet's Last Book

LE BAL DU COMTE D'ORGEL. By RAYMOND RADIGUET. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1924.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA CLAFLIN

THE progress from an artistic sentiment to a work of art is from the complex to the simple. From the multiplicity of the Cubists has come the severe restrained line work of Picasso and Derain. From the posing and often incomprehensible work of the Dadas has come the limpid prose of Radiguet.

Raymond Radiguet died in December, 1923, at the age of twenty. He leaves two published novels, "Le Diable au Corps" and "Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel." "Le Diable au Corps" was much commented on, the youth of the author exciting interest. It received an American prize. Here and there in it one comes across bits of writing that hold a promise. But on the whole it is the kind of French novel a Victorian means when he speaks of a French novel. In his second book Radiguet achieved the mastery of his instrument.

"Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel" owes nothing to its story. There is no plot, no intrigue, nothing happens. A young man becomes the frequenter of the Comte d'Orgel's house, intimate with him and his wife. The Countess arouses his interest, she suddenly finds he has awakened hers. In despair at this intrusion into her life he writes to his mother begging her influence to keep him from the house. Finally she tells her husband, and there is no climax, merely a ball.

The characters do not develop, they just are. And yet the "Bal du Comte d'Orgel" is charming. Radiguet has aimed to show but one surface. Thanks to his admirable sense of elimination he has succeeded perfectly. Against a finely sketched background of *mondanité* and by deft accentuation of little observed facets of highly characteristic traits, Radiguet has delineated accurately those super-refinements of distinctions which one single situation brings up in a group of Parisian *mondains*. The Comte d'Orgel exclaims at discovering the kinship between his wife and Séryeuse; "On n'a pas d'amis; on n'a que des parents!" the unconscious snobbishness of race is set at ease. At the moment of his wife's avowal he remains calm until told that she has confessed her secret to a third person. Then comes a brief revelation of his attitude:

On sait qu'il était dans le caractère du comte d'Orgel de ne percevoir la réalité que de ce qui se passait en public. . . . Il eut peur moins de la souffrance que des gestes qu'elle lui ferait accomplir.

For some it may detract from Radiguet's glory to find that most of his characters have easily recognizable models. Paul Morand and the Princess Murat have lent themselves as lesser personages, while the comte d'Orgel is none other than Etienne de Beaumont, famed patron of the moderns and erstwhile impresario of the Soirées de Paris, as striking an individual as there is anywhere to be found.

On the whole, Radiguet was far in advance of the group of modern young men who are giving their twentieth century version of how to "épater le bourgeois." He had cast aside all eccentric uses of the French language. His style is direct, simple and often exquisite. If he was inferior to Proust as an observer and psychologist, he was a better artist in knowing what to eliminate. Not so scrupulous as Gide, he was more human.

Rolland's "L'Été"

L'ÂME ENCHANTEE, II. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Paris: Ollendorf. 1924.

Reviewed by MARTHA GRUENING

ROMAIN ROLLAND has perhaps himself furnished the best commentary on this volume devoted to the further pilgrimage of the enchanted soul, Annette Rivière. "When I write a novel" he wrote in the earlier volume, "Annette and Sylvie,"

I choose a character with whom I feel my affinity (or rather it is he who chooses me). Once chosen I leave him free. I am careful not to mingle my personality with his. . . .

When therefore I adopt Jean Christophe or Colas or Annette I become only the secretary of their thoughts. I listen to them; I see them act and I see through their eyes. When they make mistakes I stumble. When they gather their strength I arise and we resume our journey. I do not say it is the best journey but it is ours.

Do not seek here either thesis or theory. See in it only the inner story of a life long, sincere, fertile in joys and sorrows, not free from contradictions—but striving to attain—

that harmony of the spirit which is our supreme truth.

No theme could bring out better the justice of Rolland's claim that his writing expresses no theory but his sense of life than this, which has recently been occupying the attention of so many French writers, the unmarried mother and her right to her child. At the close of "Annette and Sylvie" Annette had been left pregnant, having given herself to the lover she would not marry, out of pity and in response to the demands of her own passion. In "L'Été" we find her before the birth of her child, happy and confident, feeling herself justified in having responded to the deepest call life had made on her emotions and believing that she can realize a complete emotional life through her child. She is to learn that even an unmarried mother cannot necessarily suffice to her child, nor the child to her, and to be disillusioned, to some extent, as to the capacity of even the strongest to ignore conventional judgments. She loses her money suddenly and is plunged without experience into the struggle for existence for herself and her child; she meets an early lover whom she comes to love and finds that he can not free himself of shame at her "past"; unsuccessful in her relation to her son whom she loves passionately without understanding, she finds herself at middle-age still unsatisfied. Falling in love with a man of her own age and similar temperament she refuses to renounce him at the pleading of his wife, believing in the greater right of their own love, to renounce him later to protect that love from the degradation of his viewpoint about it. Lonely, passionate, defying and yet accepting life she faces it at the close of the book the embodiment of that courageous philosophy of life which Rolland has chosen for his keynote on the fly leaf of the volume: "To strive, to seek, not to find and not to yield."

For all the affinity which Rolland admits with the character of Annette, the book stands out from others on the same subject by its absolutely unpolitical character. It is not a brief for the unmarried mother, nor against her. It is merely a human document about a woman who happened to be an unmarried mother. The only question in the writer's mind apparently is the one that Annette puts to herself "Have I a right to my child?" and he answers approximately thus: "Yes, if I earn it. If I can give him the fullness of life. If I can make him a man. If I can it is right. If I cannot it is wrong. This is the only morality that matters; any other is false." But Rolland's writing is on a plane above polemics or moral judgments. It is as detached as it is sincere, as impartial and yet as terribly intimate, almost as life itself. As he himself has said he both sees Annette and sees with her eyes and the result of this identification in combination with Rolland's intellectual detachment is a very rare and powerfully moving kind of writing.

Foreign Notes

STUDENTS of the war will find much of interest in two volumes by Commandant A. Grasset, who before the conflict was employed in the Historical Section of the French General Staff. "Un Combat de Rencontre" (Paris: Berger-Levrault), the first of the two books, covers the action at Neufchâteau on August 22, 1914, and the second, "Ethe, Le 22 Août au IV Corps d'Armée," an action in the zone of the Third Army at which he himself was present. Both volumes give graphic accounts of episodes in the ill-fated French offensive, and contain outspoken criticism of the French Cavalry, which Commandant Grasset declares allowed the infantry to be surprised. The books contain a large number of excellent maps.

A new and greatly enlarged edition of what, when it appeared some twenty years ago, was a small brochure on the Campagna has recently been issued in Rome by Magliione & Strini. The author of "Usi e Costumi della Campagna Romana," Ercole Metalli, who did not live to see the publication of this volume, was a farm bailiff, entirely self-educated, who developed a passion for literature and spent his years wandering about the Campagna collecting a vast store of odd and valuable information as to the conditions and customs of that section of Italy. His book is a fascinating account of the life of the region, depicting its inhabitants, their manner of living, their environment, and the agricultural, economic and scientific experiments that have been tried out among them in recent years.

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Popular Fiction in Germany

By ERICH POSSELT

EVERYBODY in Germany seems to feel that times have changed; whether it is the Dawes plan, or the London conference, or else the stabilization of German money anticipating the results of those major occurrences—it is a fact that German publishers and authors are once more ready to bring before the public such an astounding number of new books that the task of selecting those worth while reading, and more especially the duty of calling to the attention of American readers the more important ones, is to be compared only to the labor of Sisyphus. No author of note has neglected to announce a new novel for the coming months. Thus Jakob Wassermann of "The World's Delusion" fame will be represented within a few days with "Faber oder die Verlorenen Jahre," and Rudolf Herzog, well liked and equally well hated as the prolific author of many best sellers, announces a new novel, "Wieland, der Schmied."

Karl Hans Strobl may not be one of the greatest writers of Central Europe; he is, however, a born story-teller and, as such, is well liked and much admired by his followers. From his earliest books, "Die Vavilone" and "Der Schipkapass," to his fantastic novels such as "Gespenster im Sumpf," to his latest work, "Rex, Die Geschichte eines Hundes" (Reichenberg: Stipel) every one of his panegyrics has been eagerly expected, bought, and read by the public. Rex, the hero of his new book, is a Doberman, as good and as bad as they make them; but he is an exceedingly nice creature who loves his master as dearly as any dog ever did. Strobl tries to humanize the dog, and he succeeds to a remarkable extent.

Ludwig Wolff's "Garragan" (Berlin: Ullstein) is the story of a man released from jail where he spent ten years of his life for the murder of a man whom he thought his wife's lover. Irrespective of the fact that it is somewhat melodramatic, "Garragan" is an exceedingly well written and interesting book, although its artistic qualities are of a somewhat slight degree. When published as a serial in one of Germany's leading magazines, the novel caused much comment.

Paul Oskar Hoecker is another well-known writer who presents his readers with a well made and rather touching book. Its name is "Thaddaeus" (Berlin: Ullstein), its hero, a boy of sixteen, the offspring of a house divided—his mother in love with a man not her husband, his father a spendthrift, and a brutal wife-beater. Strange to say, the son is quite a remarkable person, handsome, gifted, proud and strong of character. He is taken to a boarding school and the days he spends there, together with the letters he writes to a charming little servant girl after he has left school—as depicted in the diary of one of his teachers—fill the pages of this book. It is good reading, and decidedly above the average novel.

It was to be expected that Rudolf Hans Bartsch would be represented among those offering new books for Christmas. He is not quite as unknown to American readers as his name may suggest; for one of his stories is the nucleus of "Blossom Time," an operetta which has delighted thousands of playgoers in New York and elsewhere. Bartsch entitles his new book "Im Sudhauch" (Zurich: Orell Fuessli). The volume contains a number of short stories, most of them located on the Austro-Italian frontier. They are rather unequal, and only now and then a thought, a phrase, a beautiful word betray the author as one who actually can write, and who is a poet at heart. Too bad that Bartsch seems to feel the pressing necessity of writing a new book every fortnight. His latest one does not live up to the standard set by "Die

Geschichte vom Hannerl und Ihren Drei Liebhabern."

A positive delight is "Der Tolle Bomberg" by Josef Winckler. (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). Since "Eulenspiegel" and "Muenchhausen" made their bow before the public—and that is, as everyone will admit, a good many years ago—no more hilarious book has been written by a Teutonic author. And as in those glorifications of born jesters, the hero of this new book actually lived and played most of the pranks related in the volume. Even now, half a century after his death, these stories are being told at gemütlichen beer tables in Westphalia. This Herr von Bomberg loathes the philistine and abhors authority. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—they all look alike to him; judges and noblemen, drivers and peasants are no more than fit subjects for his practical jokes. Apparently he considers life itself too funny a proposition to permit spinsters and teachers, reverends and officials to interfere with his escapades.

Rudolf Stratz entitles his latest work "Kinder der Zeit" (Berlin: Scherl). The author is too practical a weaver of plots and too well-versed a story-teller to get far away from good taste. Thus "Kinder der Zeit" is a well written book although it is decidedly not a work of art. Stratz's leaning in the direction of the late monarchy gives the book its tendency. And if we—perhaps superfluously—add that it is a story of Berlin after the war, of its "Schieber" and its old families of noble blood, that it takes the heroine and the hero in the occupied Rhineland, and that everything turns out as it ought to turn out in a well-behaved story, everything pertaining to the plot has been said.

Rudolf Presber is Berlin's own O. Henry with an admixture of Cobb—only he habitually wears rose colored glasses. Among the twenty-four volumes of humorous stories he has to his credit, there are possibly a dozen which, way last, and which might be classified as literature. His latest book, "Die Zimmer der Frau Sonnenfels" (Berlin: Eysler) is not so very different from his earlier ones—amusing incidents amusingly told with plenty of saccharine, this time grouped around the landlady of a pension and her guests. It is interesting to note that Presber—as 99 per cent of all German authors—loves to make wise remarks about America and New York, and that he discovers such oddities as that "the Wool Worth-House" (the spelling is by Mr. Presber) "at night sends out its beams of light two hundred miles asea."

Among the younger authors of less definitely established name and fame, Erwin Heine is represented in a book "Vlasta und Ihr Student" (Cassel: Max Ahnert), a story of Prague and our days. No American knows, and few will be able to understand the deep hatred between Czechs and those three million Germans under their domination in Czechoslovakia, suppressed and persecuted by their arch-enemies. This is a book of hate; it tells of a young German student and his love for a Slav girl, of his battles and his hopes, of his wishes and his final defeat; and of his final victory and truth; you belong to your own race, be true to it, nothing else matters. "Vlasta" is a young book, and its author lacks finesse and technique. But it is good reading, nevertheless, and it touches problems that are of great importance in Europe.

"Zerrissene Fahnen," by Oswald Menghin (Innsbruck: Verlagsanstalt Tyrolia), treats a similar theme: the hatred between Tyroleans and Italians, both of whom lay claim to the Southern provinces of the late Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Many thousand Tyroleans of the oldest German stock suddenly became Italian citizens after the peace of St. Germaine; but it is as if only young men could write about their hate: Menghin, even as Heine, is young. "Zerrissene Fahnen" is not a ripe and deep book. But it has caused comment abroad—where millions hate, millions who have lost their homes, their country, their future.

Written in entirely different vein is "Traugott oder Deutschland über Alles," by Max Uebelhoefer (Konstanz: Verlag Oskar Woehrl). The author—of whose existence rather few seem to have known up to the publication of this book which caused a mild sensation in Germany—in his hero, Rapopo Kanawura Maiwera Tongi Tingi, called Traugott, prince plenipotentiary of the Fiji Islands, has invented a rather amusing figure. The prince has heard so much of "Deutschland über Alles,"

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of "Gretchen" and the Hausfrau, that he decides to visit in person this wonderful country. Naturally, his expectations are bound to be shattered, as the author himself seems somewhat disgusted with his compatriots. The book is well written although

somewhat broad in stretches, and because of its caustic comment on worthy contemporaries has found as many admirers abroad as it has hostile critics in Germany among those who considered its publication as something akin to high-treason.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Archaeology

GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY AND RELATED OBJECTS. By CAROLINE RANSOM WILLIAMS. New York Historical Society.

THE ANNALS OF SENNACHERIB. By DANIEL DAVID LUCKENBILL. University of Chicago Press. \$4.

Belles Lettres

FICTION AS SHE IS WROTE. By E. V. KNOX. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. 1924. \$1.75.

"Evoc" of *Punch* assembles delightful burlesques of modern authors and stereotypes of fiction. In the introduction he observes that "The events are entirely fictitious, the characters are imaginary, the author to whom I have ascribed the stories did not write them, nor are the names which I have given them theirs." Nonetheless, it is easy to detect certain gods of the groundlings. Particularly attractive is the story of the Wild West which takes prohibition into account; while "Me; or, the Strange Episode of the Reincarnated Gree," by Cunning Rider and Haggard Toyle, contains a priceless and crushing comment: "Never mind my friend Dr. Watson; he is the soul of discretion. Treat him as if he were a table or a cow." In "Blindworms," a novel of rustic life, Robert tells Eliza, "Rackon I'm not the marrying sort":

She felt she hated him then. She felt she loved him too. Then she felt that she hated him again. Then she felt that she loved him as well. The two emotions were mixed. Now hate, now love, was uppermost in her being, but she could not disentangle the two. She was only a simple Sussex peasant-girl. She had had no time to study Freud.

Such cheerful and delicious nonsense, beside being a diversion in itself, is the best purge for literary follies, a sort of "Mirrors of Fleet Street" that catches the incautious angles of writers and distorts them to a grotesque exhibition of their absurdities.

THE GALLANTS. By E. BARRINGTON. Atlantic Monthly Press. \$3.50.

It is interesting to see the but recently neglected art of Maurice Hewlett and the other gentry of picturesque romance stealing back under the guise of biography. Mr. Barrington, author of a pleasing book, "The Ladies," has compressed into a new volume seven historical studies of gallantry, beginning with Fair Rosamund, concluding with Peter Teazle, and taking Mrs. Thrale, Beau Brummell, Queen Elizabeth and others *en route*. Each dramatic narrative is prefaced by an authentic portrait and a brief prelude from history. Then the narrator lets fancy free to play over the facts and rouse the imagination to the tone and color of dead epochs. Much knowledge and a great deal of insight has gone into these sketches, and that is what gives them a texture and a reality which swashbuckler romance of gallantry usually lacks. Mr. Hewlett, it is to be remembered, was a scholar also, and he had a style and a creative imagination that Mr. Barrington cannot equal. Nevertheless, this author profits by the scientific mood of our day. The feeling that he is mentally interpreting rather than giving us just fiction is very satisfying. "The Gallants" is a very readable book.

He is less at home in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance than in the eighteenth century and after. The story of Henry II and the letters of Sir John Harrington are antiquarian. But with Dutch William III he begins to realize his periods, and the tragedy at the Thrales, Beau Brummell and, most of all, the pre-history of "The School for Scandal," are excellent. Each of these is a scene to illustrate biography rather than biography itself, tale of a situation and a group. Dr. Johnson, Sophy Streatfield, Fanny Burney and all the rest are there with Mrs. Thrale.

"The Gallants" is a good book, an especially good book for those with a taste for history, an excellent book for romancers who spin their webs from moonshine, and for specialist historians who reduce brilliant years to dull facts.

MY DEAR CORNELIA. By STUART P. SHERMAN. Atlantic Monthly Press. \$2.50.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET. By CLARENCE DARROW. Four Seas.

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. Small, Maynard. \$3.50 net.

A BOOK OF CHARACTERS. Compiled and translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON. Dutton. \$5.

GESTA ROMANORUM. Translated by CHARLES SWAN. Dutton. \$5.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF H. L. MENCKEN. By CARROLL FREY. Philadelphia: Centaur Book Shop.

Biography

FELLOW TRAVELLERS. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. Stokes. 1924. \$4.

One more volume of gossip English memoirs would seem to prove the market for this plentiful commodity not yet glutted. Mr. Vachell, sportsman, veteran playwright and popular novelist, has had a good run down the years; he has taken most of life's fences neatly and surveyed some interesting country between jumps. Aside from a slight tendency toward "anecdote" and a certain overestimation of the interest inherent in his own acquaintance among the lesser London literary and dramatic lights, the book makes easy reading.

THE LETTERS OF ARCHIE BUTT. Edited by LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT. Doubleday, Page. \$5 net.

(Continued on next page)



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Biography

(Continued from preceding page)

GREAT PRESIDENTS. 10 Vols. Houghton Mifflin.

THE STORY OF MY HEART. By RICHARD JEFFERIES. Dutton. \$4.

AKSAKOV. Translated by M. C. BEVERLEY. Dutton. \$5.

Business

THE DISCOUNT POLICY OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM. By BENJAMIN HAGGOTT BECKHART. Holt.

Drama

LUCA SARTO. By CHARLES S. BROOKS. Harcourt, Brace. 1924.

Mr. Brooks is in this play a convinced romanticist fashioning bright words from the metal coined and patented by Robert Louis Stevenson. Every line of dialogue bears a figure of speech, an elaborate trope, or even (though Mr. Brooks writes in prose) the set rhythm of blank verse. The whole performance has been wrought in a tradition once so popular and now sounding a little tinny and self-conscious. "Luca Sarto" has all the requisite swords and cloaks and all the characters talk like quotations from Stevenson.

Sarto is one of those hasty Italian artists who kill their men in Italy and take the next horse to France where the king patronizes their goldsmith work and refuses to serve extradition papers. As Sarto spouts rich words to his servant one blowy night he hears the customary knock at the door. Diane Motier and Madame Corday request shelter while their coach is mended. After many figures of speech and a little supper Diane discloses herself as plotting against Louis XI in the interests of Burgundy. Sarto promises to carry papers for her to her brother. Louis suspects, but can prove nothing. At a roadside inn Sarto wins papers from a royal spy, but is overheard by Louis, going to Loches on a pilgrimage. The brother is locked in a dungeon and taunted by Louis. Diane impersonates the Virgin and rescues both Sarto and her brother.

Mr. Brooks writes with evident enjoyment. He is so caught with his romantic turns of speech that he makes all the characters talk alike and appear not so much men and women as lines from a play. It is all conscientious and admirable romance. The wit is a little slow-footed and grandiose and mannered, and the metaphors rather than the play is here the thing.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD. By J. H.

TURNER. Appleton. 1924. \$2.

This is a very delightful and absolutely inconsequential play of pleasant English folk. A meek yet understanding (they generally are) vicar whose remarks are as clever as his acts are inane, makes an amusing foil for the escapades of his daughters. These are two roguish, lively twins, who

set out in friendly competition to strive for a trip to London. One plays in the manner of Sentimental Tommy, who had to break his ankle to justify an assumed limp: Elizabeth garbs herself temporarily in mid-Victorian primness of attire and attitude, and finds herself unable to discard the masquerade. The mother, and "Mum's Mum," are made as loving and as shrewd as the occasion requires, and the matrimonial conclusion is pleasing to all concerned. The publishers stress the play for amateur performance rather than for serious reading; it is a trifle, easy to read and easy to produce.

ONE-ACT PLAYS OF TO-DAY. Selected by J. W. MARRIOTT. Small, Maynard. \$2 net.

THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF RUSSIA. By LEO WIENER. Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.

THE INN OF DISCONTENT. By PERCIVAL WILDE. Little, Brown. \$1.50 net.

Education

VERGIL'S ÆNEID. By ARTHUR W. ROBERTS and JOHN C. ROLFE. Scribner's. \$1.80.

CHAMBERLAIN'S JAPANESE GRAMMAR. Revised by Major J. G. McILROY. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

PREPOSITIONS: HOW TO USE THEM. By FRANK VIZETELLY. Funk & Wagnall's.

CONJUNCTIONS: THEIR USE AND ABUSE. By FRANK VIZETELLY. Funk & Wagnall's.

Fiction

BE GOOD, SWEET MAID. By ANTHONY WHARTON. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

An impertinent and, presumably, young Englishman has here produced a first novel which chronicles the life and literary adventures of a popular woman novelist, comparable in artistic quality to, say, Ethel M. Dell. It is a book which the general reader may find dull inasmuch as its central figure is a rather too specialized case. But it presents an interesting if irritating study, both in characterization and method, for those who also write.

Mr. Wharton has drawn a character so vividly and so well that she will not be easily forgotten. Laura Strong, his maligned lady, is one of those girls we all know whose place was never "in the home." She was not pretty, she was not affectionate, she was a little cleverer than her family and her schoolmates and therefore unloved by them. She was perfectly aware of her shortcomings, so aware indeed that something of resentment, something of loneliness, something of pride combined to produce in her a strong "defense complex." She determined "to show them." She would become famous. She would write. They would see.

She struggled in the right way to learn the art of composition, of putting words together. She read voraciously. She acquired facility with pain and misgivings. She trained her observation. She acquired everything, in fact, that a writer needs except something to say. And she had nothing to say because she never really lived. Her unloveliness and unlovableness, her instinctive taste, her built-up defense against further injury to her feelings, the fact that her material needs were supplied without necessity of effort—these things kept her out of the currents which make for real, vital experience. She lived vicariously. And she wrote. She wrote of what she was curious and of what she did not know at first hand. Naturally, then, with whatever facility, with whatever purpose, with whatever intelligence, she wrote bunk. Her novels were full of sex and talk and ever so "spicy." But on she wrote and towards a kind of success that she never really intended or wanted. Her aim, like Merton's, had been for "better and finer things," but she had not Merton's naïveté, his quality of attracting a "best friend and severest critic." Her success was by so much, then, a greater tragedy than his.

Such a character has Mr. Wharton drawn and drawn ever so acutely. But he has treated her abominably. Legitimately enough he has used her to illustrate and complete his title, "Be Good, Sweet Maid"—and let who will be clever. But he seems to regard her with a sort of perverse hate. Perhaps, rather, it is contempt, more implied than expressed. Perhaps, even, it is just a misplaced sense of humor. Perhaps, again, it is a conscious effort to inspire sympathy for an unlovely character by picking and jibing at her. Thackeray sometimes employed that device with Becky and made you love her the more. But Mr. Wharton's is a more deadly weapon than Thackeray's. For Thackeray did, in his heart, love and sympathize with Becky. Mr. Wharton leaves

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you in little doubt as to his attitude toward Laura. You may dislike her with him, if you will, but without Mr. Wharton's ill-nature you cannot fail to pity her.

LONELY O'MALLEY. By ARTHUR STRINGER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1924.

It is a pleasure to note the appearance of a new edition of Mr. Stringer's chronicle of boyhood, which appeared originally in 1905. There is never any oversupply of veracious records of the strange ways of that extraordinary animal, the human boy. This one runs through the familiar gamut, including the battle with the butcher boy, the circus and so on, but the incidents are perennially fresh and Mr. Stringer, who is humorist as well as poet, handles the al-

(Continued on following page.)

ways difficult material of childhood with a finely sympathetic understanding.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE. By ELLERY H. CLARK. Dorrance. 1924. \$2.

Mr. Clark was the "all around athletic champion of America" in 1897 and again in 1903 and was the American representative at the Olympic games in 1896, the year of his graduation from Harvard. Hence one is not surprised to find college athletics bulking large in this story of undergraduate life at Harvard, which reaches its climax with the hero's star part in the Yale-Harvard football game. That part of the book runs true to the form long ago accepted as a part of the staple college story. There is more novelty in the boy's desire to marry, while still an undergraduate, and keep on playing. The plot turns upon that and upon the parallel love affairs of the boy's chum and of a most noble "theolog." There is also an unexpected twist in the hero's willingness to participate in a sort of blackmail plot, although he emerges more or less regenerate. The book is a rather crude performance.

THE TEMPLETON CASE. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. Clode. 1924.

If ever there was a murder mystery story which could be called a comfortable, cozy tale this is it. There is a cheerful little waterside inn, with a nice landlady; there is a pleasant rural Canon who smokes an unusually good brand of cigar, there is a good deal of the tea-table atmosphere, and, above all, the chief sleuth is a small, pleasant-mannered British policeman who has a plump, distinctly cozy wife to aid him in his detecting. It is really a good mystery story, logically worked out, after the usual false leads, to a rather unexpected solution which, however, is not unfairly reached. Mysterious yachtsman gets himself stabbed to death on board his boat; suspicion points to several likely and unlikely persons, giving the police plenty of room for clue-chasing. The detective is much more nearly human than most of his like, and the problem is solved without any miracles. An entertaining yarn, pleasantly told.

THE FINGER-POST. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. Minton, Balch. 1924. \$2.

This is a pleasant and readable novel of provincial England by a writer who evidently knows and understands the people and the customs of the Sussex countryside. Joseph Durrant, the central character, is one of those youths who grows up under a cloud of family hostility; he is slight of build, sickly, and peculiar in his habits, so that he is generally laughed at as half-witted and incompetent; and it is only after he attains maturity that he comes into his own and dazzles both friends and relatives by a display of cleverness and ingenuity that swiftly lifts him into a position of mastery. Throughout the book we witness a continual conflict between Joseph and his more stolid and less brilliant elder brother Henry; and at the same time we observe an interesting contrast between Joseph and his slovenly, stupid mother and his slow-going, practical father. The characters for the most part are developed well although a little prolixly; and while at times one is annoyed by the author's staccato, colloquial style, yet at other times one comes across redeeming passages of beauty. On the whole, one will find that the book holds the attention closely from end to end.

NINA. By SUSAN ERTZ. Appleton. 1924. \$2.00.

"Nina" is a novel which it is almost impossible to discuss. Conceived in the clean integrity of good literary form, with its lively, natural characters motivated by emotions the strength of which cannot be gainsayed, the book is almost inevitable from beginning to end—and it is far easier to read it than describe it.

There is Morton whose attitude towards women is that of the spoiled child, "I like companionship, and I hate domesticity; I want money and comforts, and I hate responsibilities. I want love, like anyone else, but the moment love becomes exacting, I want to be off." There is Nina, his wife, who loves him so devotedly that she divorces him in the hope that, out of bonds and bounds, he may love her when no longer legally supposed to do so. There is gruff old Tony, rich and a bachelor, who never realizes that he loves Nina, until Henri Bouvier, with impeccable French logic, proves that he does. Henri himself does not realize that he loves Nina until he has insisted on marrying her off to Tony. Thus the situation is composed of several unusual elements: an utterly irresponsible husband, an utterly devoted wife, a lover who doesn't suspect it—a triangle composed of three obtuse angles, impossible save to human nature. All of these forces

are precipitated to action through the catalytic agency of Henri, a French author, who has come to England to study the friends of his childhood in the hope of thereby learning the essential character of the French nation. Henri, gallant, logical, Gallic, is a delightful and convincing portrait, and it is intellectual curiosity to make English wheels describe French circles that leads to the final settlement, sensible from the French, unsatisfactory from the English, and rather sad from the viewpoint of humanity.

All four characters are admirably handled, and the book as a whole has the clear incision of a professional writer. If one may criticize adversely it would be to state that the action is so close to life that it is rather unsatisfactory in the artistic sense. Yet the book is in no sense what is described as "a human document"—rather is it a study in human nature, and the disconsolate irony of the conclusion is the perennial decision that, after all, half a loaf is better than no bread. To this theme, the writer has been able to adduce a considerable number of wise and witty reflections on life, in a manner that somewhat suggests the more succinct irony of Rose Macaulay. "He said she had the face of a Madonna and the mind of a George Sand, and that, you must admit sounds terribly attractive. I remember wishing at the time that it had been the other way round"; "It seems that there's a war being waged between the people who say that everything was perfect fifty years ago and everything is rotten today, and the people who say that everything was rotten fifty years ago and that everything would be perfect to-day if only everyone could do exactly as they pleased"; "Nina had a good deal to say about Freud and his followers. He claimed to have discovered new facts about the planet Venus, and the whole world was flocking to look through his telescope, as though it were the only one through which anything could be seen. It was she thought, the same old planet, but it appeared to be swimming in a new light that might or might not be due to a cunning change in the lenses through which they gazed. And unless you too gazed and admired, you labelled yourself as out of date."

Such comments are essentially gratuitous, when removed from their context, but they are so adroitly unified with the characters who express them that in the text they do not, in the usual manner of such remarks, stick out like a sore thumb. Accordingly, one is compelled to admire not only the sagacity of the author's pronouncements on life, but the literary skill which, by grafting them on to a set of attractive and interesting characters entangled in a rather obscure situation, has given depth and unity and life to a theme of rather tenuous dimensions.

THE HIGH ROAD TO HONOR. By JULIA SCOTT VROOMAN. Minton, Balch. 1924. \$2.

A romanticized paraphrase and sentimental commentary upon recent political history is not altogether a happy choice as material for fiction, but Mrs. Vrooman has done rather better with it than might have been expected, considering the refractory nature of that material. But we are much too close to the end of Wilson's administration to get much glamour out of idealized figures of political heroes moving in the fogs of post-war legislation. The brute facts refuse to stay out of the picture, especially when it comes to railroad regulation, which is the chief subject upon which the picturesque hero-Senator operates. Nevertheless, there are some nice descriptive passages, and there is a genuine fire of idealism behind the author's conception. All her men, however, are heroes or villains: straight out of a political wonderland. The leading lady, who is really the chief personage of the piece is better: still romantic, but plausibly so. It is her business to inspire not only her husband, the reformer-Senator, but most of the other men with whom she comes in contact, and the bulk of the book is given to displaying that process of inspiration. As romantic mel-drama is of interest, but as novelized history it is not impressive.

A FOOL'S HELL. By ROSITA FORBES. Holt. 1924. \$2.00.

This is a good story, thoroughly readable, exciting in parts, and far superior to the average run of present would-be Oriental fiction. Its heroine, Leila, a woman with an undeservedly reputed past, marries Michael, a most likable youth of preeminently English type. While not a powerful bit of character drawing—for the story lies far more in the field of adventure than that of character study—there is much that is exceedingly attractive in



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him. An army officer, he knows the English plans in a certain bit of "trouble" which is likely to take place with the natives, and to secure the papers dealing with these

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(Continued from preceding page)

tool, and his machinations result in the romantic plot of the story. It is, perhaps, unfair to describe this in detail, since its working out is interesting and puzzling, and will provide the reader with considerable suspense and enjoyment. Mrs. Forbes has spent much of her life in the Orient, and her descriptions of life in the Near East ring true; they are colorful and full of information interesting to the average Occidental, to whom the manners and customs of the Mohammedan world are apt to be a closed book.

THE QUITTER. By HARRIE V. SCHIEREN. Small, Maynard. 1924. \$2.00.

There is a distinct moral to this book, although we suspect that the moral most strongly brought out is not the one aimed at by the author. The latter is, if we read aright, the misery which is certain to result from too hasty or too ill-considered a marriage. To our mind, in view of the long acquaintance of the hero and heroine before their marriage and their subsequent five years of happy life, the moral is rather that love, like business, friendship or other less exalted emotions, is largely a continuous process of "making good."

The radical change in the relations between Craig and Dora arises with the birth of their son, Freddy. Dora, sharing the usual and natural absorption of most young mothers over their first-born, gradually becomes estranged from her husband and bound up in the solitary interest provided by her child. The process is excellently shown, the interminable patience of Craig, the flashes of the old Dora, gradually growing less frequent, the increasing power of her conviction that "no one but a mother can understand a child's feelings," and her final metamorphosis into the fussy, weak, silly, middle-aged woman who is unable to retain even the respect and affection of the weak, spoiled anaemic and self-centered son to whom she has sacrificed herself and her husband. Freddy, too, little as he appears, is a good bit of work. Perhaps the least convincing portion of the book is that dealing with the love affair between Craig and Nancy, which has little to do with the development of the story and which is far less effective than the sordid scenes of Craig's home life. We wonder, by the way, at the title, unless, in the words of Artemus Ward, it was "spoke sarcastic." Certainly no heroine could be less likely to deviate from her own ideas than Dora, nor could any husband be imagined more long-suffering and enduring than Craig.

THE BURDEN. By JEFFERY E. JEFFERY. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1924.

When two young persons fall in love they quite naturally regard each other with a sacramental seriousness. They may be commonplace natural healthy young persons who play golf, but in each other's eyes they have found the light that never was on sea or land. It is not quite so natural and inevitable, however, that the author of their histories should treat their characters with sacramental seriousness. Mr. Jeffery would really do better to follow the agreeable example set by Arnold Bennett, who can make commonplace persons significant without trying to make them grandiose.

Through the long length of "The Burden" Mr. Jeffery is solemn and edifying without quite catching pathos and moving tragedy. He records ordinary dialogues as if they were revelations and so closely identifies himself with his two young persons (ingenious for all their pretence of mental freedom) that he gives often the effect of sentimental dullness. He tells the story of Christine, the daughter of a Brigadier-General, and Alan, who wants to build model cottages for pale young city clerks. The General thinks Alan a commoner and bitterly opposes the marriage. At last Christine and Alan do get married, but soon after a frightful motor accident makes Christine into an incurable cripple. For a time Alan sustains the illusion of romance, but soon his natural desires and Christine's interference in his business drive him into the arms of Noel, a sensible young woman who finally sends him back to his wife. At the last Alan returns to his illusions, knowing that the same thing will happen again.

Alan and Christine are not presented as persons of any profound distinction; and yet Mr. Jeffery relates their rather ordinary dialogues with an almost paternal pride. For all his efforts he leaves the

impression that Alan and Christine are really quite irritating prigs.

THE STAR WOMAN. By H. BEDFORD-JONES. Dodd, Mead. 1924. \$2.00.

Here is a rapidly moving story, full of overflowing with incident and adventure which known, we must admit, leaves us cold. The period dealt with in the early days of the New World, and Hal Crawford's desire to find the Northwest Passage, supplanted later by his wish to find the Star Woman—the white ruler of a remote tribe of Indians who gains her title from her invariable ornament, a star of hammered silver set with turquoises, the counterpart of which, of gold and emeralds, has come into Crawford's own possession. There is, possibly, a trifle too much sentimentality among characters who might reasonably be supposed to be a prey to superstition but who would most improbably incline to softness; and further the numerous coincidences by which various bands of wanderers meet unexpectedly in the hitherto trackless wilderness, as described on various occasions in the story, go far to prove, (assuming their veracity) that truth is stranger than fiction. Perhaps the chief source of annoyance to the reader is Mr. Bedford-Jones's style, which is at times irritating in the extreme. However, his admirers will doubtless find much to please them in his latest work.

DEVIL DARE. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. Doubleday, Page. 1924.

One is grateful to Mr. Ollivant for not corrupting this romance with a made-up happy ending. It is too easy to guess what disposition Sabatini would have fashioned of Mr. Ollivant's traitor gentleman. At the eleventh hour of sweet repentance Devil Dare would have saved Nelson from the ruffians hired to kidnap him, and safely married to the Methodist maid he would have ended his days managing an estate or a buttery or something else secure and respectable. Instead of all that Mr. Ollivant refuses to let the Methodist maid reform Devil Dare and indeed intimates that Dare was glad to die after his mare had been shot. The gentleman loves his horse more than his respectability. The Methodist maid marries the young stalwart oaf who is the direct cause of Dare's capture and death.

Like so many traitors in fiction Devil Dare is much more attractive than loyal sober gentlemen who shout for the king. He has wit enough to turn traitor out of boredom with every other sensation and likewise because Nelson has taken Emma Hart (Lady Hamilton), once Dare's flame, Dare shows Napoleon how he can effect a landing. He disguises himself as a parson, escaping every effort to capture him by his wit and courage. Gypsies and free-traders are always getting in the way to complicate Dare's difficulties and the efforts of the Methodist Maid to reform the traitor or gentleman's soul. After an enthralling series of encounters (both verbal and physical) Dare dies of his wounds, glad to die now that even the thrill of treachery has become stale and dull.

Mr. Ollivant is perhaps a little too sentimental about horses and landscapes, but he is agreeably realistic about his hero. He presents none of the dummy figures patented by romance. He has shrewdness and irony and some pathos. He does much to aid the cause of true romance.

THE BACK OF THE BOOK. By MARGARET LEECH. Boni & Liveright. 1924.

Vergie Stilson is twenty-eight and unmarried. In other words, she has not found the answer to the riddle of life. She fancies that the answer lies in the back of the book like the solution of a problem in arithmetic. She doesn't find the answer in the pages of the fashion magazine where she works, or in the stuffy quietude of the apartment where her mother and father hoard maxims about the younger generations. She has had her chances to marry. Who hasn't? Somehow she just hasn't married. She doesn't want to be rooted like a vegetable. After a time she almost marries Roy Peck, a rotary sort of young man, but she can't bear the thought of living with his rather dreadful mother. Other men snare her attention mildly. She takes refuge in the vanity of clothes. At the last she finds some solution in the desire of knowing, vivid and incorruptible.

The story flows opaque and shallow like a clear stream. Light glancing from the sun of life illumines the clear surface, but it does not pierce to the depths. Vergie herself seems a sigh, a regret, an evocation rather than a woman. Of course Miss Leech is not presenting figures of grandeur. All the persons are admittedly commonplace and usual. They all act and talk as such persons do act and talk. That is perhaps the reason why the story passes like a wraith cast upon a mirror. By its nature it cannot excite pity, indignation, terror, grief, or even humor. The style and the substance match perfectly the tenuous contours of these uneventful lives. Yet Arnold Bennett takes up just such people and keeps them in their proper setting and somehow lends them fascination. Miss Leech is a faithful historian, a workman of fashioned surfaces and a cool adequacy. Somehow the reading of her book does not seem like an experience.

THE PASSIONATE QUEST. By E. PHILLIPS OFFENHEIM. Little, Brown. \$2 net.

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VAL SCIENCE. By CHARLES HOMER HAS-
KINS. Harvard University Press. \$6.

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY. By C. S.
LEAVENWORTH. Yale University Press.

Juvenile

BOYHOODS OF OUR NAVAL HEROES.
By WILLIAM O. STEVENS. Harper. 1924.
\$1.75.

All wars are fought by flaming youth
while the older generation looks on. This
we realized in 1917 when our freshmen
and sophomores were leaving the campus to
pilot combat planes two miles in air or lead
forlorn hopes in the trenches. And we had
been trying so hard to shield them from
the world's rough knocks because they were
not old enough to be at large.

Here is a book, written for boys, that
brings to your notice some of the gallant
infants of blue water who won honor for
the naval service in days gone by. Joshua
Barney in command of a merchant ship in
mid-Atlantic at fifteen years and handling
a godless crew of shell-backs like a veteran
master mariner; little Andrew Sherburne a
fighting bluejacket with Paul Jones in the
Ranger at fourteen; Farragut a bantam
midshipman at the tender age of ten, known
to his shipmates as "three pounds of uni-
form and seventy pounds of fight," bully-
ing hairy tars old enough to be his grand-
daddy, strutting with his little dirk and
pistols and playing his part with David
Porter on the bloody deck of the Essex
frigate in her battle against hopeless odds
off the roadstead of Valparaiso.

In this gallery of juvenile heroes is one
modern figure, "Bob" Evans. Past and
present are amazingly linked in his career.
Before his appointment to the Naval Aca-
demy in his early teens he made an over-
land journey to Utah by wagon train and
was painfully wounded by a Pawnee arrow
in a furious raid. He lived to command a
fleet of battleships in the famous cruise
around the world when Theodore Roosevelt
was President.

There is a tremendous output of machine-
made trash called "juvenile reading." It
consists largely of crude, fantastic fiction
that seems to regard the average growing
boy as a moron. Such a book as this, written
by a man of literary training who knows
his material and loves his theme is one of
the encouraging signs. If the boys want
adventure and action, "stories with a
punch," they need not go to the movies or
read poor stuff. Bless their hearts, these
young naval heroes lived the true romance.
Every yarn is true, and most amazing truth
at that.

PEGGY OF BEACON HILL. By MAYSIE
GREIG. Small, Maynard. 1924.

There is one kind of book that is diffi-
cult to review because there is so little to
say about it. It is neither good nor bad—
that is, not bad in the sense of bearing
faulty English or insincere content, and not
good in the sense of meeting any but a most
juvenile or idle mind. It is merely innocu-
ous: in this case the innocuousness of a young
girl's love affair. A suggestion of broken
conventions and youthful adventuring to-
ward Bohemia is used to carry along the
reader's interest, but the atmosphere hardly
reaches beyond the mock-heroic. Nor is the
style free from sentimentality and clichés.
Granting its superficial character, however,
this story as an offering for adolescents has

no reason to be condemned, and will easily
find its circle of readers.

STORIES OF PEOPLE WORTH WHILE. By
KITTY PARSONS. Revell. \$1.25.

WHERE THE STAR STILL SHINES. By
WINIFRED KIRKLAND. Revell. 60 cents.

THE VALLEY OF COLOR-DAYS. By HELEN
B. SANDWELL. Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.

BILLY MINK. By Thornton W. Burgess.
Little, Brown. \$1.50 net.

THE NURNBERG STOVE AND OTHER
STORIES. By LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE. Edited
by ORTON LOWE. Ginn. 72 cents.

THE FRIENDS OF DIGGELDY DAN. By
EDWIN P. NORWOOD. Little, Brown. \$1.75
net.

WHY BE A GOOP? By GELETT BURGESS.
Stokes. \$1.50 net.

THE LITTLE FAIRY SISTER. By IDA REN-
TOUL OUTHWAITE and GRENBY OUTHWAITE.
Dutton. \$3.

TRAVELLER'S JOY. By DION CLAYTON CAL-
THORP. Knopf.

THE THIRINGS OF THE DARK MOUN-
TAIN. By MORGAN TAYLOR. Minton, Balch.
\$1.60.

THE SPY. By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
Minton, Balch. \$2.50.

MAN BEFORE HISTORY. By MARY E.
BOYLE. Little, Brown. \$1.50 net.

EGYPTIAN TALES OF MAGIC. By ELEA-
NORE MYERS JEWETT. Little, Brown. \$2
net.

THE PEEP-SHOW MAN. By PADRAIC COLUM.
Macmillan.

Miscellaneous

FIRST AID TO THE OPERA-GOER. By
MARY FITCH WATKINS. Stokes. \$3 net.

THE COMMON SENSE OF TENNIS. By
WILLIAM T. TILDEN 2D. Simon & Schuster.
\$1.50.

MARKING COPY FOR NEWSPAPER AD
MACHINES. Indianapolis: Earl R. Williams.

JUNGLE BEASTS I HAVE CAPTURED. By
CHARLES MEYER. Doubleday, Page. \$4 net.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
POST OFFICE TO THE YEAR 1829. By
WESLEY EVERETT RICH. Harvard University
Press. \$2.

BLOCKADE AND SEA POWER. By MAURICE
PARKMELE. Crowell. \$3 net.

IN THE DAY'S WORK. By D. B. UPDIKE.
Harvard University Press.

"SECONDS OUT!" By FRED DARTNELL.
Brentano's. \$2.50.

THE GREAT TOKYO EARTHQUAKE. By
JOSEPH DAHLMANN. America Press, Grand
Central Terminal, New York.

Poetry

SYMPHONIES AND SONGS. By JOHN
ROBERT MOORE. Boston: Four Seas. 1924.

This slight volume achieves an occasional
echo, like the strains of courtly dancing
across trimmed lawns, of Restoration artifice
and grace:

*No roses she may wear
Can serve to make more fair,
Nor fragrance to make sweet
Who is herself complete.*

Of additional interest are the attempts in
a new schema, the adaptation to poetry of
the musical symphony. Mr. Moore claims
credit for this merging of the arts, although
French writers have wrought word-sympho-
nies for years, and closer parallels to the
symphonic development than his own have
appeared in English, notably in the color
symphonies of John Gould Fletcher and
in Conrad Aiken's "Charnel Rose." But
in a few of his efforts, especially in "At
the Ball," Mr. Moore approaches music in
thematic and structural growth, and gives
faint suggestion of the vast, undeveloped
possibilities in harmony of word and sound.

PATHS AND BY-PATHS. By A. ZIMMER-
MAN.

Travel

ABRAHAM GOODE. By C. RANGER WORM-
SER.

ON UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES. By THEO-
DORE WESLEY KOCH. Evanston, Ill.

BACH'S B MINOR MASS. By C. SANFORD
TERRY. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

War

THE INDUSTRIES OF THE CLYDE VAL-
LEY DURING THE WAR. By W. R.
SCOTT and J. CUNNINGHAM. Yale University
Press.

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Points of View

Civilized Thought

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The Saturday Review, not long since, gave the emphasis of four columns and the stamp of its initial page to a curious and interesting diagnosis of "Civilized Thought." Its impartiality will doubtless spare a smaller fraction of a humbler page to a few adverse comments on the implications of that article.

The article does not define "Civilized Thought"; it portrays its representative. He is an army supply sergeant, artistically interesting, uneducated, absolutely free from middle-class sentiments and superstitions, deriving all his mental nutriment and discipline from unbroken professional contact with the lower military class in our own country. His mind is vigorous and courageous, and he acquires a perfect fearlessness in the recognition and report of the less savory aspects of the rather questionable society. This fearlessness is the mark of civilization. Civilized thought devotes itself, rather curiously, to the study of the uncivilized in human fact and conduct. The open mind which it cultivates resembles a house with a single entrance, facing on a sodden court and a manure-heap, which its owner should keep conscientiously open.

Sentiments undoubtedly oppose the reception of certain kinds of truths—the truths that prey upon those sentiments. A cannibal would indisputably be a better judge of the savoriness of roasted human flesh than the dean of St. Paul's cathedral or the president of Harvard University. His sentiments would not trammel his perceptions. But, on the other hand, it is only because the cannibal's tongue chooses, wants this instead of that, is, in short, a partial, wilful and prejudiced tongue, that it knows anything whatever about roast flesh. What is it in us that wants to know, that succeeds in knowing? It is that which savors, tastes, wishes, longs, values, worships, and aspires. Every sentiment—religious, ethical, decent, patriotic, what you please—creates indispositions, that is very true, but only in the act of creating the predispositions which are our chief incitements and encouragements to knowledge. Every incentive is a bias, that we grant; but remove all the biases by strangling the incentives, and, instead of that equal readiness for all truths which is the watchword and ideal of this philosophy, we should find ourselves in that state of equal unreadiness for all truths in which equipoise is but another name for lethargy.

Civilization, dimly yet effectually conscious of the value and the danger of our predilections, adopts a sagacious double course; with a few sanative exceptions, it increases and diversifies our sympathies, interests, feelings, yearnings, tastes, and, in multiplying them, it seeks to reduce and minimize their mutual interference. The last few words, dull as they look upon the page, embrace most of what is *intellectually* valuable in liberalism, tolerance, breadth, eclecticism, universality. Every feeling to which there is any correlative in fact is valuable; every feeling may help and may hinder the search for truth; the catholic, or civilized, mind aims to increase the help and reduce the hindrance. Now what does our sergeant do. For the most part, he substitutes a pro-sexual for an anti-sexual bias—that is his liberality. Or, to put the matter a little more broadly, civilization for him and his admirer consists in the absence of all the scruples and reluctances which might stay the mind in its adoption of a simple, narrow and rather obvious preconception of the universe. One fraction of intelligence is substituted for another—that is all; a man moves from a cell in a prison with a glimpse of the sky-line to another cell without the glimpse, and he calls this transfer liberation.

I am not unprepared to accept our sergeant's affirmations that there are affinities between rape and rape, or that men marry infamous women because they are infamous. But I should never think of making my assent to these dicta a proof of civilization; on the contrary, it is precisely the least civilized persons of my acquaintance to whom I should pass on these discoveries in the most absolute confidence that they would be welcomed and indorsed. Even in the view of sex there is no breadth. Mr. Kipling in his early short tales can represent the man for whom woman is a solvent, in whom character is liquified by sex. In "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" he can paint the sincere lover of a good woman who fondles a harlot on the day of his betrothal. In "The Brushwood Boy" he paints a young British military officer of a purity that is little less than virginal.

That is civilized thought; it is the perception of antagonisms and diversities. There is no such compass in our sergeant. All his truths are of one breed and brand; the family likeness is pronounced and clear; each prophesies and complements its neighbor. How different from truth as even a sad and doubting civilization sees it—in its range, its diversity, its unexpectedness, its elusiveness, its disconcerting impishness and whimsicality! The difference will persist until the day—prefigured by this article—shall arrive when our reviews shall learn civilization from our barracks.

O. W. FIRKINS

On Values Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I was glad to read Mr. Jenks's comment on historical values. This seems to me the kernel of his argument: "There is no quality of significance attaching to events in themselves. Present interest and future anticipation are points that help to define the curve along which every series of past events is plotted. They participate in the selection of events and hence in the relations that are found for them and the meaning that at any time they bear."

This statement has aroused two questions in my mind. Since events have no inherent significance, whence does their importance arise? Mr. Jenks supplies a partial answer but his use of the verbs "help" and "participate" indicates that he feels that the "present interest and future anticipation" of the historian and of his readers are not the only elements which give importance to events. What are the other elements that must be taken into account?

The second question is: Why are the historian and his readers interested in one series of events more than in others?

The answer to both of these questions is the same. The major element in the significance of an event is its provable effect upon the lives of human beings. The historian considers certain events more important than others because he has discovered that they have had wider consequences, for more people, over a longer period of time, than those which he regards as trivial in importance. The effect of an event is not a matter of conjecture, but a matter of proof. The adoption of the Constitution of the United States has exerted a wide influence upon the people of the United States—upon judicial decisions, upon the admission and organization of new states, upon the thought of political leaders, upon presidential elections, upon the proceedings of Congress and upon scores of other things. Therefore, the series of events which tell the story of its adoption must be regarded as significant. So with any number of other events which have happened in the past.

It is true that historians study the past in the light of the present. But they do this only in the selection of subjects for investigation. The reason why emphasis upon, and interest in, subjects for inquiry varies from generation to generation is that the gradual unfolding of history reveals to each succeeding generation a fuller view of the effect of early events than the view enjoyed by its predecessor. The longer the time which elapses after the occurrence of certain series of events, the more clearly the historian can see which series exercised the widest influence. When some large tendency comes unmistakably to the surface of the present—such as the organization of labor or centralization in government—it is the legitimate office of the historian to investigate its origins in the past. His study, accordingly, will be influenced by the light of the present, but that light will be a new understanding of the results of earlier events whose significance his predecessors did not foresee.

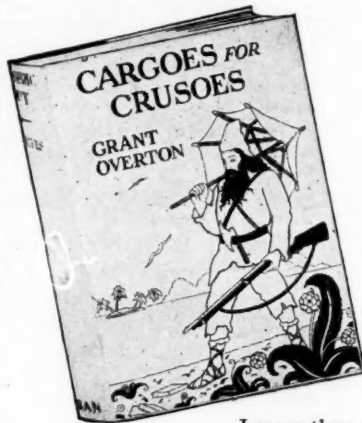
A thing is significant to an antiquarian because he is curious about it, and to a journalist because he thinks his readers will be interested in it. But for the historian, the measure of its significance is not his own curiosity or the interest of his readers, but its discoverable result. He is interested in people, ideas and events because they are significant; they are not significant because he is interested in them.

CURTIS NETTELS

Opportunity, a journal of negro life, has announced a contest "designed to stimulate creative effort among Negroes and quite without any notion of discrimination—confined to Negro contestants." Prizes of \$100, \$40, and \$15 are offered for the best stories dealing with some phase of Negro life, either directly or indirectly, and not exceeding 5,000 words in length. Prizes of \$40, \$15, and \$5 are offered for poems upon

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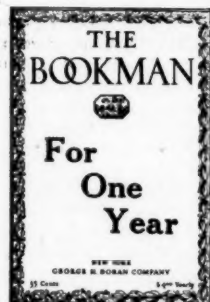
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which Negroes have a conspicuous interest. Prizes of \$30, \$20, and \$5 will be given for personal experience sketches recounting an actual experience and relating to some "incident, or situation, or circumstance of personal life which makes it possible for one to understand how one feels and acts in the presence of a particular life problem." These will be limited to 2,000 words. The contest will close December 31, 1924.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o The Saturday Review.



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TIME, 236 EAST 39th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING.

R. F. D. NO. 3. By HOMER CROY (Harper's).

MEMORIES AND ADVENTURES. By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (Little, Brown).

THE MANUSCRIPT OF ST. HELENA. Translated by WILLARD PARKER (Appleton).

E. S. G., Pasadena, Cal., asks for the origin of the phrase, "art for art's sake," its correct definition and a history of the doctrine.

L'ART pour l'art was first spoken, so far as I can discover, in the twenty-second lecture of Victor Cousin at the Sorbonne, in 1818. I don't see just how one could make a history of the doctrine, which certainly antedates Cousin: the idea that art in itself is greater than any of its uses. It involves the divorce of beauty and the creation of beauty from all utilitarian values, including morality. In its pure form I suppose it derives from the "Platonic idea." Unfortunately, many of my generation in America met it first in a highly impure form, as "larr poor larr," in the delicious satire by Robert W. Chambers's "Iole," whose hero molded it to the uses of a peculiarly offensive type of bunk. But there is, even to the rockbound New Englander such as Emerson, something curiously bracing in the basic idea of art for its own sake, "beauty its own excuse for being," and generations of mortal men tending a cold immortal flame.

K. S. M., Greensburg, Ind., is one of six intimate friends who for many years have spent two hours together on the afternoon before Christmas, each reading something in prose or verse significant of the spirit of the season. What shall be the selection for this year?

AS THIS admirable custom has been so long maintained, they have read—doubtless often read—the chapter without which no holiday season is strictly legal: the Cratchits' Christmas dinner in Dickens's "Christmas Carol." There is a new edition of the "Carol" just from Crowell, with colored pictures by Ethel Everett, unusually good for the dreams, and one with many cuts and color pictures in the Children's Classics series (Macmillan). Also they must have read the next-most-beloved literary dinner, the one enjoyed by the Ruggleses-in-the-rear in Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Bird's Christmas Carol" (Houghton Mifflin), and the Old Christmas sketches of Washington Irving, and whatever Robert Herrick—of England, not of Chicago—had to say in verse on the subject.

Indeed they must pretty well have swept the field, but there are a few that may have escaped their eyes and that have figured in family celebrations known to me. In "Maria Chapdelaine," by Louis Hémon (Macmillan), read the chapter, "The Thousand Aves," beginning on page 140 of the American edition, "On Christmas Eve the weather was cold and windless," and the old French songs as you come to them.

In "Voyaging," by Rockwell Kent (Putnam), the beautiful account of the Christmas tree in Tierra del Fuego. This wonderful book is the only one fit to put with his earlier "Wilderness" (Putnam), which is still remembered with a thrill, both for pictures and text.

In "Marooned in Moscow," by Marguerite Harrison (Doran), in the brave and touching chapter "Prison Holidays" the part

about Christmas in a Bolshevik prison for women, page 250.

Anything that Selma Lagerlöf has written about Christmas, whether in "Christ Legends," "The Girl at Marsh Croft" or elsewhere (Doubleday, Page). Anything that Tolstoy has written about it. Henry Van Dyke's "The First Christmas Tree" (Scribner), which can be told as a story or cut to a reading. Jacob Riis's "Christmas Stories" (Macmillan) among the poor, well worth reading. "Christmas: a Story," by Zona Gale (Macmillan)—she is another writer who has the right idea about the season. I had to look up her play "The Neighbors" (Huebsch) to make sure that they were wearing straw hats in it, otherwise it might have been on Christmas Eve.

And whatever you have, let it include the best American Christmas in our literature, the first chapter of "Little Women." I have had thrills enough at the theatre, but none more authentic than when Jo, breaking the opening tableau of the stage version, said "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents!" There will be time before the holidays for further suggestions and I shall be glad to print them.

B. L., Paris, Texas, asks who publishes "Nène," by Ernest Perechon, which her study club is to read.

GEORGE DORAN, 244 Madison Avenue, New York, publish this and his later novel, "La Parcelle 39." Both are sympathetic but searching studies of French peasant character, one the familiar tragedy of a nurse's love for children that must leave her, the other the power of a peasant's passion—strongest in France—for land ownership.

S. B., Galveston, Texas, asks if Gobineau's "Renaissance" has ever been translated into English.

YES, and published in a fine edition by Putnam. Putnam is just bringing out, I see by his advance announcement, Count Gobineau's book of essays, "The Golden Flower," companion piece and, in a way, introduction to "The Renaissance." The same people figure in it, Cesare Borgia, Savonarola, Leo X, Michelangelo. The translation is by Ben Ray Redman.

H. H., Indianapolis, Ind., asks which is the best one-volume version of "The Arabian Nights."

THE version most often found in public libraries, on the open shelves at least, is that of Lane; a one-volume version is bound to be a selection of a few of the tales; Lane's in eight volumes, published by Lipincott, is distinguished by many photographic illustrations by no less an artist than Frank Brangwyn. I am assured by professional story-tellers that the best one-volume version for their purpose is that prepared by Padraic Colum for the Children's Classics series issued by Macmillan. It seems to me that the most beautiful pictures made for the tales are those by Edmond Dulac; they are beautiful in the

(Continued on following page.)

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work salable.

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The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

books (which are published by Doran) and they stand the test of framing and hanging in the dining-room, and that is a test. Rhead illustrated them for the "Arabian Nights" published by Harper, and Milo Winter for the Rand McNally edition. For the "Oriental Tales" (Duffield), with Edwin Arnold's introduction, the pictures are by that delicate artist, Rie Cramer. I do not know who she is, or if indeed Rie is a woman's name, but I delight in all pictures I have seen with this signature. There is, for instance, in the book of "Old Songs in French and English" (Penn) illustrated by this artist, a colored picture for "Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman," that is as touching as the song, and in exactly the same way.

W. J. W., Swarthmore, Pa., says: "If B. B. B., California, really wants to go into the pure chemistry and physics of photography, he should look into the 'Monographs on the Theory of Photography,' published by Van Nostrand in co-operation with the Research Laboratory of the Eastman Kodak Company. He would also find much of value in the proper numbers of *Photo Miniature*, a monthly publication treating one subject each month."

E. F. W., North Sheldon, Vt., has been spending a "pleasant but soul-searching afternoon" over E. L. D.'s call, in a recent guide, for instances in fiction or history of an old man's marrying again with disastrous consequences to himself. He finds several that all but qualify; Milton seems to be the only one whose experience really does. "How about Edith Dombey?" he says, but I refuse to believe for a minute in Edith Dombey. Casaubon had no comfort in his marriage with Dorothea Brooke ("Middlemarch"), but he thinks, and I agree with him rather than have to read that book again to find out, that she was Casaubon's first wife. "Mary Tudor was too much for her elderly French king in 'When Knighthood Was in Flower,' wasn't she? In Maurice Hewlett's 'Half Way House' a young governess is reconciled to her unwise marriage to a middle-aged widower by the persuasion of a gypsy philosopher." So it goes: they all-but fill the bill. Can it be that all the widowers in fiction either stayed so or remarried happily?

M. H., Los Angeles, Cal., endorses my praise of Miss Bone's book on story-telling, which she had been using in the English edition before Harcourt, Brace brought out this admirable book here. Also she adds Walter de la Mare's "Come Hither" (Knopf) to the list of anthologies for children. "It is," she says, "full of treasure for the delver into quaint and curious stories (I use it always in preparing lectures on story-telling, even if it is authentic fairy gold that is not expected to be practical), but its indefinable charm would endear it to the exceptional child and the exceptional parent."

W. S., Decatur, Ill., bought a second-hand set of the D'Artagnan romances, the old one from Lupton, in five volumes, and finds that one, "Bragelonne, Son of Athos," is missing. He wants to fill the gap.

"VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE, OR TEN YEARS LATER," is published by Little, Brown in a complete translation, issued according to the author's arrangement and including, in the order in which they should be read, the stories often published separately as "Bragelonne, Son of Athos," "The Iron Mask" and "Louise de la Vallière." It is in four volumes, 2,690 pages. (Both Crowell and Burt publish versions of the Bragelonne romance.) One would think those 3,000 pages would do for the young Dumas lover, but many a one has struck the last page with a bump. I remember my version left the fate of Fouqué in doubt—and I can still recall the intellectual sunburst when it dawned on me that Fouqué was in the history-books. Then and there began a lifelong friendship with history.

T. E. F., Texarkana, Ark., given as subject "The Romance of South American Rivers," asks for material for a club paper.

"HEAD HUNTERS OF THE AMAZON," by Fritz Up de Graff (Duffield), is clockful of it; he goes up one river for rubber and another for the gold of the Incas: an absorbing book. The famous "River of Doubt" figures in Theodore Roosevelt's "Through the Brazilian Wilderness" (Scribner). A river is the focal point of one of the most unusual and dis-

tinctive books that have come out of South America, "Adventures in Bolivia," by C. H. Prodders (Dodd, Mead), of whom I know no more than this book tells and that is enough to put him with Cunningham Graham, Safroni Middleton and other modern gentleman adventurers. He was placidly racing horses in Chile when he was asked to get from a tribe of Indians far in the interior permission to enter their country for rubber. These wise savages had heard what happens when white men want rubber, and were settling the matter at the source by killing any foreigner who set foot on their river-bank. He crossed. The story is immense.

C. C., Wheeling, W. Va., asks who is the authorized translator of Anatole France and who publishes the translations.

DODD, MEAD, in a uniform edition that is an ornament to any library and that manages to keep step with the appearance of the works in French. But there is no one translator for the whole; the work has been done, and done with remarkable fidelity and vision, by sixteen men and women, some, like Lafcadio Hearn and Curtis Hidden Page, with but one book; some, like Alfred Allinson, Winifred Stephens or J. Lewis May, with several. Mr. May, who translated the "Pierre Nozière" series, has written "Anatole France," a critical appreciation just published by Dodd, Mead.

G. E. H., Derby Line, Vt., and a correspondent in Canada ask who is Victor Endersby, who wrote "The Gateway out of Time and Space," a book on the fourth dimension, and whether he has written anything else; and R. H., New York, asks for similar information about James Allen—not James Lane Allen, but the man who wrote an inspirational book, "As a Man Thinketh," in the Little Leather Library.

R. S., New York, wants all the books he can get on the rug industry, the story of rugs and their use in interior decoration.

ONE who lives in the city can spend a large part of his future life keeping up with publications on this subject in the collections of the Public Library, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the colleges and art schools. A student far from book-shops or libraries will be safe in ordering, as a scholarly and beautifully illustrated work, John Kimberley Mumford's "Oriental Rugs" (Scribner) and a large new volume from Brentano, "Masterpieces of Oriental Rugs," translated from the German of Grote-Halsenbalg, with 120 illustrations in colors and a history of the art. "The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs," by G. G. Lewis (Lippincott), is another safe and satisfactory choice among the larger works, especially for study of decorative values; Mr. Lewis wrote also "The Mystery of the Oriental Rug" (Lippincott). "Rugs in Their Native Land," by Eliza Dunn (Dodd, Mead), is worth getting, and so is the little volume on "Carpet and the Carpet Trade," by R. S. Brinton, in the series of useful handbooks on various kinds of business issued by Pitman. H. G. Dwight's "Persian Miniatures" (Doubleday, Page), has a chapter "About Rug Books," and the devotee of the Chinese rug will find in a special supplement issued by the *Chinese Social and Political Science Review* in April of this year an article of value, "Peking Rugs and Peking Boys," by Chu and Blaisdell. Hooked and braided relics of American home industry are described by Amy Mali Hicks in her "Craft of Handmade Rugs" (McBride); this is the only type on which I qualify as an expert, and as such I testify that her directions will help any one to construct one.

C. L. B. C., Buffalo, N. Y., adds to the list of books of "legends off the beaten track," "Seneca Myths and Folk Tales," by Arthur C. Parker, archaeologist of the New York State Museum, saying that it is a most unusual collection of legends.

IT IS published by the Buffalo Historical Society, Vol. XXVII, 1923. Little, Brown & Co. set me right on my statement that John H. Wigmore is the author of the book on the conduct of law suits that I was assured would be of use to the inquiring maker of scenarios. The book in question is "Reed's Conduct of Law Suits," second edition, 1912 (Little, Brown). "Wigmore on Evidence," which they also publish, is in five bulky volumes and would get the scenario writer out of his depth. And Kaufmann and Connolly's play, "Beggars on Horseback," is published by Boni & Live-right, and so are six other volumes of current stage successes, valuable to drama classes, who will do well to write for a catalogue.

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALES SEASON BEGINS.

THE auction season is beginning earlier than last year. The Walpole Galleries has already held its first sale. Charles F. Heartman's first sale, as already announced, took place on September 30. The Anderson Galleries opens the season on October 6. The American Art Association and Stan V. Henkels of Philadelphia will soon fall into line. All of these auction houses report good prospects for an active season and the general indications are that many important rarities will be sold under the hammer.

The Anderson Galleries first sale will be held on October 6, 7, 8 and 9 when the library of the late Jesse P. Gram of this city, consisting of 1,796 lots, will be dispersed. This is not a collector's library, although there are a few books that should interest collectors. It is, however, the library of a discriminating booklover who was preëminently a reader of good books and wanted good editions. There are in the neighborhood of 5,000 volumes carefully selected including many choice editions of the classics and all in fine condition.

It is in the dispersal of collections of this kind that the average booklover who is gathering a home library of good books for their cultural value has his opportunity. He is generally able to pick up a few lots at attractive prices because competition is not as keen as when the collectors are afield. The sales of the great collections with many important rarities are interesting to attend but the man who has little to spend will find his best bargains in the more ordinary sales.

A NEW LAMB ITEM

A LITTLE volume written by Charles Lamb for children, practically unknown to Lamb collectors, has been dis-

covered and is now in the possession of Gabriel Wells, the rare book dealer of this city, who seems to have great luck in hunting rarities of Burns, Blake and Lamb. Mr. Wells has just returned from a three months' visit in Europe and this is one of many rarities that he has to show for his vacation.

In a letter to his friend Manning, dated January 2, 1810, Lamb writes:

"I have published a little book for children on titles of honor and to give them some idea of difference of rank and gradual rising. I have made a little scale supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the King, who is the fountain of honor, as at first (1) Mr. C. Lamb, (2) C. Lamb, Esq., (3) Sir C. Lamb, Bart., (4) Baron Lamb of Stamford, (5) Viscount Lamb, (6) Earl Lamb, (7) Marquis Lamb, (8) Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond ordinary titles of subregal dignity in our own country. Otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing as (9) King Lamb, (10) Emperor Lamb, (11) Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing."

References to the "little book" did not escape the attention of Lamb's biographers, but it was generally considered as purely imaginary. Now more than a century after it was first published, a copy has been discovered. It is dedicated to the Princess Elizabeth, and the dedication is dated 1808. Another edition was issued in 1809 and yet another in 1810, so it appears that the book had quite a run even at the price of seven shillings, the high price being due to the twenty-four colored engravings which illustrated it.

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NOTE AND COMMENT

THE indications are strong that first editions of the Victorian period and later will be an important factor in the season upon which we are now entering.

There have been many conflicting reports from Italy in regard to the discovery of the lost books of Livy. Later reports rather discredit the earlier reports, but the literary world should wait patiently for an authoritative official announcement which will be forthcoming in due time.

The Prussian Academy of Sciences has discovered that it was swindled on an alleged fourth century manuscript with a fragment of the works of the Latin writer Plautus, which it purchased and incorporated in the treasures of the Royal library in 1918. Critics challenged its authenticity, but the Academy has now established by chemical tests that the manuscript was written in aniline ink, invented in the nineteenth century.

"The Complete Poems of Charlotte Brontë," "The Complete Poems of Anne Brontë," and "The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë," edited by Clement Shorter, with bibliographies and notes by C. W. Hatfield, have just come from the press. These are definitive editions of the

Brontë sisters. Half of the poems in the Charlotte Brontë volume have never been published before. The Anne Brontë volume also contains many unpublished poems. These volumes will, of course, be of great interest to Brontë collectors.

At the recent Americanists' Congress at Gothenburg, Dr. Sophus Larsen, chief librarian of the Copenhagen University, contributed a paper on the reported Danish-Portuguese expedition to American shores through the Arctic Ocean, a quarter of a century before Columbus's voyage of discovery. Dr. Larsen called attention to various accounts, traditions and a globe of 1537, all of which, he showed, point to such an expedition as having been successfully undertaken about 1466. Dr. Larsen explained that all statements must be based upon some detailed account of this expedition, which unfortunately no longer exists. He added that Olaus Magnus's description of Iceland and Greenland taken from documents he found in Venice, was probably connected with the Portuguese account of this joint expedition.

It is very generally considered that the collecting of rare books, as it is done in America today, dates from the great sale of the Hoe Library at The Anderson Galleries in 1911. At this sale Mr. Huntington

bought many of the rarest books now in his Library in California. Since the Hoe sale many great libraries have been sold by auction, including the Jones, Hagen, Robinson, and numerous installments of Mr. Huntington's duplicates. It is interesting to note that, out of nine hundred and twenty-six books in the recently issued catalogue of the Library of John L. Clawson, no less than four hundred and ninety-seven have been sold during recent years at The Anderson Galleries.

Many valuable documents signed by both Abraham Lincoln and John Wilkes Booth, his assassin, were bequeathed to the Watertown Library Association of Connecticut by the late Benjamin F. Curtiss.

The German Government has asked for soldiers' diaries and letters written at the front during the war. A bureau has been established to receive and preserve such material as a part of the history of the great conflict.

The will of John Quinn, lawyer, book collector and art connoisseur, provides that ten or twenty years hence his letters of a literary or historical character shall go to the New York Public Library. In the meantime, they will be arranged, mounted, indexed and bound awaiting delivery.

The sixth volume of "A Summary Catalogue of Western Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford," by Falconer Madan, formerly librarian of the Bodleian, and Dr. H. H. E. Craster, sub-librarian, will soon be published by the Oxford University Press. It describes the manuscripts acquired by the library between July, 1890, and December, 1915, the accession of each year being taken in turn.

In the collection of book and manuscripts, which the University of Texas purchased three years ago, of the estate of the late Genaro Garcia, a distinguished scholar of the City of Mexico, there was recently discovered an old manuscript written on paper made from the fiber of the maguey plant, which gives an account of the Hernando Cortez expedition to Mexico, written by a member of the invading force more than 400 years ago.

Volume IV of the second series of Publications of the Bostonian Society is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of this society. It is entitled "The Lafayette Letters in the Bostonian Society," and gives the original French text and on the opposite pages a translation, with notes, by Horace H. Morse, head of the history department of Mount Herman School, and a member of the society.

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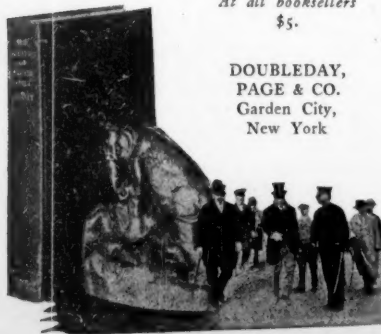
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Dying, as he had lived, a gentleman and a soldier, Major Butt was last seen on the ill-fated *Titanic*, with coat stripped off, standing beside the life boats when the rush for them had begun in the last moments of frenzy. With a revolver in one hand and a belying pin in the other, he stood ready to strike down or shoot the first man who should attempt to dispute that established law of the sea—"Women and children first!" His letters are a real heritage to his country.

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The Phoenix Nest

WE WRITE this under difficulties from the Flying Carpet that is carrying us back to Manhattan. (Look out there, Phoenix, if you go to sleep you'll slide off the fringe of the rug!) The book we have taken with us to read is *Aldous Huxley's* new collection of short stories, "Young Archimedes," six tales in his usual sprightly and curious manner; but Gordon, our Djinn, is whistling between his teeth and the wind is whistling in our ears, and altogether we are making heavy weather of it. So we turn to the book we brought along just to look at, which is "Traveller's Joy," subtitled "A Device," by *Dion Clayton Calthrop*, with the maps done by *Gilbert Pownall*. There are eight maps, all in brilliant colors, wrought in circumstantial detail, a complete atlas of lands, towns, islands, and a broad highway such as all children's dreams delight in. Opening to "Pirate Island," the first map, we are immediately enthralled. It's a wonder that *J. M. Barrie* didn't think up this book long ago; but Calthrop has devised it perfectly. His text is just a hint at what you can begin to work out for yourself on the map, and the map is dreaming-ground for amazing stories you can make up all by yourself. What happened when the moon was under a cloud at "Come What May Ferry," for instance—or who came in gray dawn from Blackgang Wood to Grimstone. All over the island we find scattered look-outs, buried treasure, arms, supplies, sites of fights, gunpowder, safe hiding places and rum stores. When one turns over to the Railway Map one can spend hours taking different journeys, from country to city, from city to country. How apt are the cities' names, "Deaf-ton-on-the-Noise," for instance, and "Squallorbury," and the country's "Thrush" and "Twinkle Bay"! Next of the maps comes "Redindia," with its log camps and wigwams, pelt stores and colonial houses; a great territory for games; and the Explorers' Country that follows is even more fascinating. Then there are The Broad Highway, the Forty Isles, the Market Town, and, of course, a Fairyland. Altogether this seems to us the gayest and most permanently interesting children's book we have seen in moons, of the greatest originality and ingenuity. And it is an easy transition from such flights of fancy as these delectable maps to *Padraic Colum's* tales and legends of Hawaii, for Padraic is, after all, the writer *par excellence* for children (see "The Peep-Show Man" in the Little Library (Macmillan)), and in this instance he has not only a collection of stories fascinating in themselves but also a distinct addition to the folklore of the world. "At the Gateways of the Day" is the first volume of the Hawaiian myths as presented by Padraic, under the auspices of The Hawaiian Legend and Folklore Commission. The book comes from the Yale University Press, and the second volume will be "The Bright Islands." It is now in preparation. Some of the illustrations by *Juliette May Fraser* are most interesting. We see that *The Stratford Monthly* is publishing a novel by *Garnet Bradford*, "Her Own Way," also that *Carroll Frey* has compiled a Bibliography of the Writings of *H. L. Mencken*, with a foreword by Mencken himself, attractively put forth by the Centaur Book Shop, Philadelphia; and among some books from Little, Brown we perceive a new edition of *Percy D. Haughton's* "Football and How to Watch It."

Now, after a lapse of some minutes when we should have been writing, we must admit that the photographic illustrations to the great Harvard coach's book have held us captive with their exposition of strategic success and failure. *Heywood Brown*, in his foreword, remarks that football should take its place among the liberal arts, that "the surprising flash of the trick finish" in a football play reminds him of an *O. Henry* story; and we are inclined to agree with him; certainly all who intend to witness any football matches this season and have not yet perused Haughton's book will be spectators twice as interested after doing so. Speaking of forewords, *Max Beerbohm* has written one to "The Tragedy of Mr. Punch" by *Russell Thorndike* and *Reginald Arkell*. This is a fantastic play in Prologue and One Act, and is in the good old Mr. Punch tradition. It is deliciously illustrated. Here is the puppet show Punch complete, not the Punch of Mr. *Conrad Aiken's* luxuriantly Macabre imagination, but the less subtle and much more British figure of fun. Any Punch and Judy show could proceed by the text of Thorndike and Arkell's play and evoke a popular response. *Ben Hecht* has been continuing "Fantazius Mallare" in "The Kingdom of Evil" (as well as purveying a serial to *Liberty*) and *Pascal Covici* has broadsided us about it. This is, of course, a limited edition—of two thousand copies—and the price of "The Kingdom of Evil" is ten dollars per. Too high, we perpend! *Pascal* is also bringing out "The Sins of the Fathers and Other Tales," by *George R. Gissing*, published for the first time in book form. They'll be ready October 15th. In this case the edition is limited to 550 numbered copies. *Ethelbert White* has illustrated with some beautiful designs on wood a new edition of *Richard Jeffries's* autobiography, "The Story of My Heart"; and, to leap like a grasshopper from one point to another, the fact that the name of *Clarence Darrow* has lately been much before the public should make of interest the publication by the Four Seas Company of Boston of a brochure by Darrow entitled "The Skeleton in the Closet." It is brought out in "The Contemporary Series." It is an essay that should be read by everybody; particularly, we would suggest, by the Cluck-Clucks Clan, an even larger organization, perhaps, than that which kapers so koily with the letter K. We know of a place in another state (which is neither the fourth dimension nor the after-life) where an occasional writer who really desires solitude may find the opportunity for intensive literary work. We will sternly cast our eye over the credentials of any one who tries to find out where it is, and, to the specially deserving, may possibly impart the address. All your guesses are wrong, by the way, if you think you know where it is! *Willard Parker* has just translated and edited an extraordinary document, "The Manuscript of St. Helena"; *Napoleon* mentioned this manuscript in his will; he also denied his authorship of it in the same document; now it is published you may decide for yourself. But now the flying Carpet nears its destination, and the upthrust of Manhattan's mighty towers castellates the horizon. And, oh Mammon and Unrighteousness! there goes our brief-case overboard,—so we can't write any more!

W.R.B.



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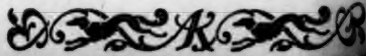
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